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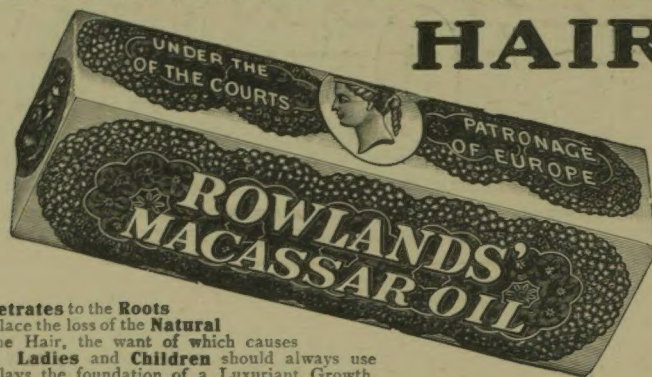
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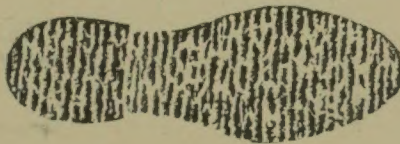
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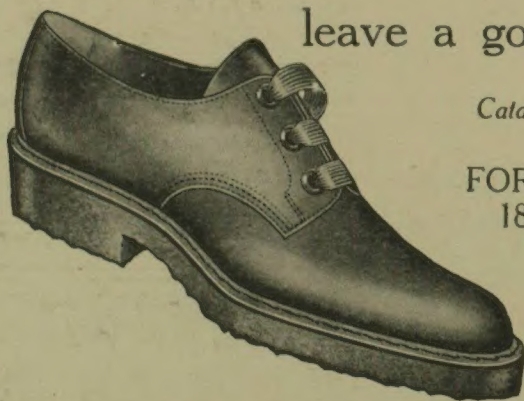
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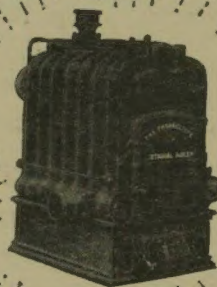


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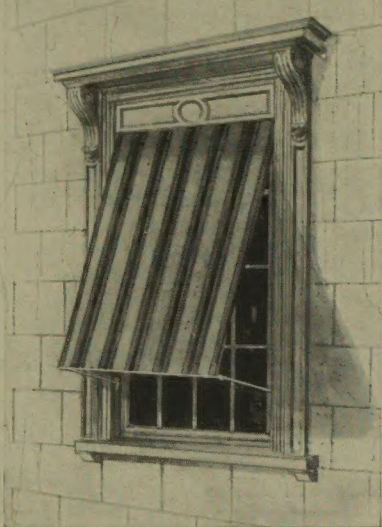
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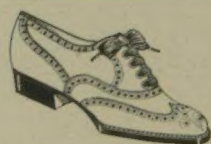
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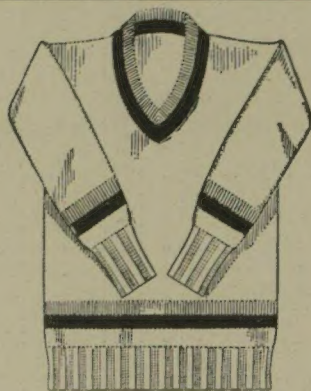
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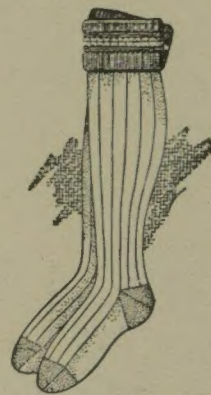


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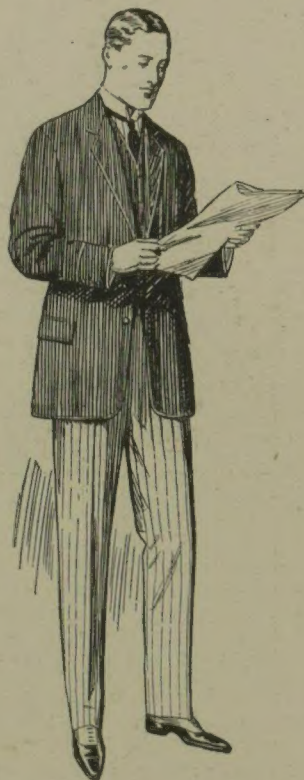
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*BRANCHES OPEN SATURDAY AFTERNOONS AND EVENINGS.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1923.

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POPE PIUS XI., WHO ARRANGED TO RECEIVE THE KING AND QUEEN, TAKING PART IN A BEATIFICATION SERVICE:
HIS HOLINESS (THE CENTRAL FIGURE KNEELING) IN PRAYER IN ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

The visit of the King and Queen to Pope Pius XI., arranged to take place at the Vatican on the afternoon of May 9, has aroused a great deal of interest. In the above photograph his Holiness is seen taking part in a service held in St. Peter's on April 29, in connection with the Beatification of Sister Thérèse, a French nun of the Carmelite convent of Lisieux. The ceremony of Beatification took place in the morning in St. Peter's, and in the afternoon the Pope in person

assisted at a service held there in her honour, in the presence of an immense congregation. His Holiness was borne through the church in the Gestatorial Chair, and, at the moment of the benediction of the Holy Sacrament, knelt and prayed. Sister Thérèse, who entered the convent at sixteen and died there in 1897, when she was twenty-four, was beatified as having been vouchsafed a vision of the Infant Jesus, and will be known in France as Bienheureuse Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COMMENDATORE G. FELICI.



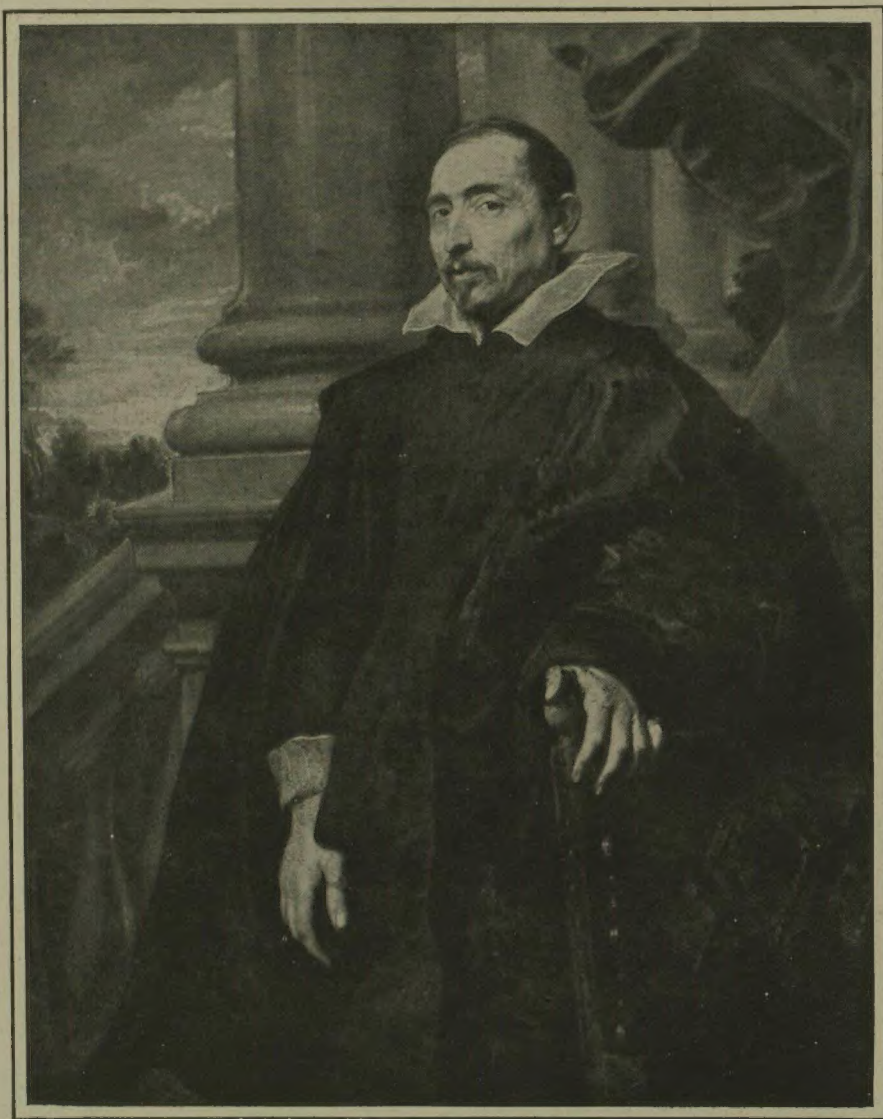
By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SAID something last week touching the old arguments about optimism and pessimism, as they were embodied in my own youth in my friend Mr. Masterman, who was always called a pessimist, and myself, when I was always called an optimist. But the truth is that I was always very optimistic about his pessimism, and I sympathised with him even when he was rather pessimistic about my optimism. I mean that I nearly always agreed with him about the evils that made him pessimistic, in so far as he ever was pessimistic. For the real pessimist is not he who is weary of evil, but he who is weary of good. But in the review of his excellent book, "England after the War," on which I commented last week, there was something much more extraordinary. The reviewer not only accused him of being a pessimist, but of being an individualist, in the old metallic and mercantile sense of a supporter of the Manchester School. To say that of Masterman is about as rational as to say it of Ruskin. It could easily be disproved from his last book alone; but I make no pretence of reviewing that book, which it would need a whole series of articles to review. I only mention it here because the very name of the Manchester School reminds me of certain lingering fallacies still fashionable, which may be looked for in almost any other quarter except that. The truth is that even in talking about the Manchester School we give it too much credit for scholastic system and discipline. The Victorian merchants who made modern capitalism had a great deal to say for themselves at the time; but there is now really only one thing to be said for them, and that is that they knew not what they did.

It used to be said, and it is not at all improbable, that the Jew Bronstein, whom we know by the name of Trotsky, was actually paid by Germany for the part he played in the collapse of Russia. I do not think it likely in the case of Lenin; but Trotsky-Bronstein is quite a different sort of fellow. But if it comes to more fanciful speculations, I could suggest many things, if not as likely, at least as logical. And if somebody told me that the Bolsheviks were financed not merely by Krupp and Stinnes, and the big business men of Germany, but by all the big business men of the modern world, I should not think their action illogical. I doubt if those business men would finance Bolshevism, for I doubt whether those business men have really any talent for business. But if they did finance Bolshevism, I should say they would be making a very business-like use of their money. Bolshevism has been the best possible friend to capitalism. It came in in the nick of time, when capitalism was beginning to look like a positive failure, and made it look like a relative success. By proclaiming a quack remedy, it disguised the real disease. By putting on a big red plaster, it concealed the very existence of the wound. Above all, by being itself utterly abnormal, it made men think of industrial plutocracy for all the world as if it were normal. In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king. And against a rebellion of the blind the one-eyed king looks exactly like a man. But industrial plutocracy is a one-eyed affair, for all that; and optimism cannot conceal it merely by winking the other eye.

It is metaphorically one-eyed because it is morally half-witted. The present proportion of wealth and poverty, especially in big cities, is not a natural order, or even an order at all. It is not a human hierarchy planned by a complete human mind for a complete human society. It is half-witted because it is the result of allowing half of the human mind complete

liberty—or rather, license—to the neglect and negation of the other half. Nobody wanted to have a struggle of skilled and unskilled trades, as some people did want to have a system of armed knights and unarmed priests. Nobody wanted a stratification of the employed and the unemployed, as some people did want a stratification of Lords and Commons. Men did not arrange that there should be strikers and strike-breakers, as they did arrange that there should be judges and barristers, or surgeons and physicians, or secular and regular clergy. In a word, the existing state of things is an abnormality because it is an anarchy. And it is an anarchy because it is an accident; not a thing foreseen, or even a thing desired. It is not something planned even by pedants.



SOLD FOR £29,400, AN ENGLISH AUCTION RECORD FOR A VAN DYCK: HIS PORTRAIT OF ANTON TRIEST, FROM THE BROWNLOW COLLECTION.

The first section of the sale of the Brownlow collection of pictures by Old Masters, from Ashridge, took place at Christie's on May 4, and realised £92,447. Of this sum, £29,400 was paid by Messrs. Duveen for Van Dyck's fine portrait of Anton Triest, Burgomaster of Ghent and brother of a Bishop of that city. This price was an English auction "record" for Van Dyck. The picture measures 56½ in by 44 in. The second part of the sale took place on May 7.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.]

It is not something fixed even by fanatics; it is simply the result of letting most things drift and letting a few things riot. The nineteenth century started in the mood of saying that a race for money, accelerated by machinery, must be all right in the long run. We have not had a very long run for our money; we have lost our money; but we are still running, like Charlie's Aunt. Why we are running, or where we are running, we have not the faintest idea. But a study of our expression and behaviour would indicate the conclusion that we are running away.

That is the point to seize—that, in the industrial deadlock, the capitalism is no more normal than the communism. It is not an old order against which rebels are in revolt. It is rather a new disorder which we think the rebels would make even more disorderly. For this reason much more harm than good is done by the current and conventional defences of a capitalist system, simply because they are defences of a capitalist system. And there is no capitalist system to defend.

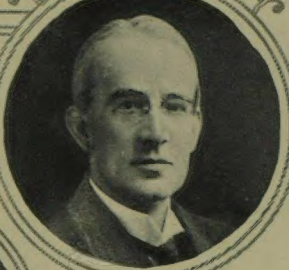
Capitalism is not a system; it never was a system; it never was designed nor desired by any human being as a system. It is simply what happened when the Manchester School had made a miscalculation, after boasting of its infallible capacity to calculate. It was not even the thing that the Manchester School wanted to happen. It was only the very different thing that did happen. You cannot defend a thing as a system when it is simply the confusion caused by a mistake. It is exactly as if one of those early industrial inventors had blundered about one of his mechanical inventions, so that when he touched the thing it only exploded and blew up the town. And it is as if an admirer of his had afterwards walked about in the ruins, pointing out the exquisite precision with which a chimney-pot had fallen in one place and a splinter from a church-spire in another; and tracing a symmetrical pattern in the scattered arms and legs of the dismembered inhabitants. He might say he was defending a system; but he would be a wiser man if he were merely apologising for an accident.

The Socialist is not wrong because he realises that things have been thus lawlessly scattered. The Socialist is wrong because he wants to sweep up all the scattered things into one monstrous heap in the market-place instead of putting them back in their proper places all over the town. Because the explosion has gutted grandfather's clock and sprinkled the works of it all over the pavement, he says that grandfather's clock never belonged to grandfather, but only to the Commissioners of Paving. Because the arms and legs of our aunts and uncles have been strewn about at random in a rather wild confusion, so that it is sometimes difficult to collect a complete aunt or uncle out of the debris, he says that the individual no longer matters, and we must consider only a collective humanity. Because our bed-clothes, babies, and other private properties have been hurled out of window in a highly public fashion by the explosion, he says they have become a purely public question, and are no longer private properties at all. In short, the Socialist, quite as much as the capitalist, is really taking advantage of the chaos of capitalism. He is taking advantage of things being displaced not to put them back in their places, but to rearrange them on an entirely new and rather unnatural plan of his own. Indeed, nobody would ever have looked at so unnatural a plan, except in comparison with an unnatural catastrophe. If every grandfather had his clock, nobody would ever have wanted to fit all the works together into one colossal town-clock for the whole town. If every mother had her own bed for her own baby, nobody would

ever have wanted to put all the beds in a municipal dormitory, and all the babies in a municipal crèche. People would have no more doubted that mothers and grandfathers ought to have their own infants and chronometers than that uncles and aunts had better be in possession of their own arms and legs. Capitalism, and even the abuses of capitalism, are absolutely necessary to the case for Socialism. The Socialist is trying to use the catastrophe of industrial inequality as an opportunity to introduce collectivism, exactly as the Prohibitionist tried to use the catastrophe of the Great War as an opportunity to introduce Prohibition. Socialism, like teetotalism, is a desperate remedy; that is, it is only a defensible remedy if it is the only remedy. I do not believe it is the only remedy. I believe it is possible to reverse the evil of the excessive concentration of wealth, and that any reform that does not reverse that evil will only exaggerate it, just as the collectivist would remedy the concentration of wealth by concentrating it still further.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SWAINE, THE "TIMES," MAULL AND FOX, HAY WRIGHTSON, SPEAIGHT, RUSSELL, AND PHOTO-ILLUSTRATIONS CO.

NEW SECRETARY,
CONGREGATIONAL
UNION: THE REV.
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W. CURTIS GREEN,
ARCHITECT.A NEW A.R.A.:
MR. G. SPENCER
WATSON, PAINTERA GREAT EDITOR AND BOOKMAN: THE LATE
SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL.BRITISH MINISTER
TO THE VATICAN:
THE HON. THEO
RUSSELL.WELL KNOWN IN
ROME: THE HON.
MRS. THEO RUSSELL.A FAMOUS ARAB
LEADER: THE LATE
GENERAL HADDAD
PASHA.THE WELSH LADIES' GOLF TEAM: FRONT (L. TO R.)—MRS. MASON, MRS. HURST,
MRS. DUNCAN, MISS MARLEY; BACK (ORDER OF FIRST THREE UNCERTAIN)—MISS
GRIFFITH, MRS. MUSGRAVE, MRS. SOWTER, MRS. PHILLIPS, MISS LLEWELLYN,
MRS. LAMING EVANS.THE IRISH LADIES' GOLF TEAM: MRS. GOTTO, MISS JACKSON (THIRD FROM
LEFT, BACK ROW), MRS. DERING, MISS BROWNLOW, MRS. LEWIS SMITH
(FOURTH, BACK), MISS HEWETT, MRS. MALLAM, MISS HARRINGTON, AND
MRS. KING.THE SCOTTISH LADIES' GOLF TEAM: (L. TO R.) BACK ROW—MISS M'CULLOCH,
MRS. BAMBER, MISS MONTGOMERY, MISS GRANT-SUTTIE, MRS. BROWN, MRS. PATEY;
SEATED—MISS SCROGGIE, MRS. WATSON, MISS GOW, AND MISS KYLE.WINNERS OF THE LADIES' INTERNATIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE ENGLISH
TEAM (L. TO R.) BACK—MISS STOCKER, MRS. CAUTLEY, MISS HARTHILL, MISS
GOURLAY, MISS WINN; FRONT—MISS BASTIN, MISS WETHERED, MRS. MACBETH,
MISS FOWLER.

The Rev. Sidney M. Berry, of Carrs Lane Church, Birmingham, has been appointed Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.—Mr. Curtis Green has been awarded the new R.I.B.A. medal for the best building of the year (1922), for his design of Wolseley House, Piccadilly. He has also designed many country houses. He is chairman of the Board of Architectural Education.—Mr. George Spencer Watson is a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, and has exhibited at the Academy, the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, the International Society, and the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.—Sir W. Robertson Nicoll had filled the same editorial chair (that of the "British Weekly," since its foundation in 1886) longer than any other London editor, and his articles, signed "Claudius Clear," were famous. In 1891 he founded the "Bookman," and two years later,

"Woman at Home." He was knighted in 1909, and in 1921 was made a Companion of Honour.—As the recently appointed British Minister to the Vatican, it fell to the Hon. Theo Russell to accompany the King and Queen on their visit to the Pope. He was previously British Minister to Switzerland. He is a son of the first Lord Amptill, and married in 1910 Countess Marie Louise Rex, daughter of Count Rex, then Saxon Minister at the Austro-Hungarian Court.—General Gabriel Haddad Pasha was a prominent Arab leader who had been the London representative first of King Hussein and then of King Feisal. He had also been Director of Public Security in Egypt, Jerusalem, and Damascus.—The Ladies' International Golf Championship meeting at Burnham, Somerset, ended on May 5 with the victory of the English team.

DRAMATIC FANTASY AND SATIRE FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA:

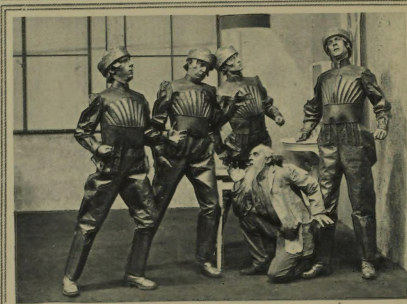
PHOTOGRAPHS BY



THE DAWN OF REVOLT IN A MAN-MACHINE: RADIUS, A ROBOT (MR. LESLIE BANKS) IN "R.U.R." AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.



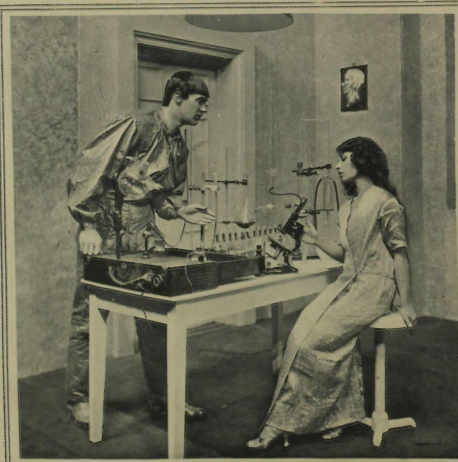
THE REVOLT OF THE MEN-MACHINES: THE ROBOTS KILL THEIR MAKER, DR. GALL (MR. C. V. FRANCE, FALLEN ON LEFT) AND ANOTHER MAN.



SEEKING THE SECRET OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE FROM THE ONLY HUMAN SURVIVOR: ROBOTS MENACED WITH EXTINCTION.



HUMAN LOVERS AND A ROBOTESS: (L. TO R.) HARRY DOMAIN (MR. BASIL RATHBONE); SULLA (BEATRICE THOMSON); HELENA GLORY (FRANCES CARSON)

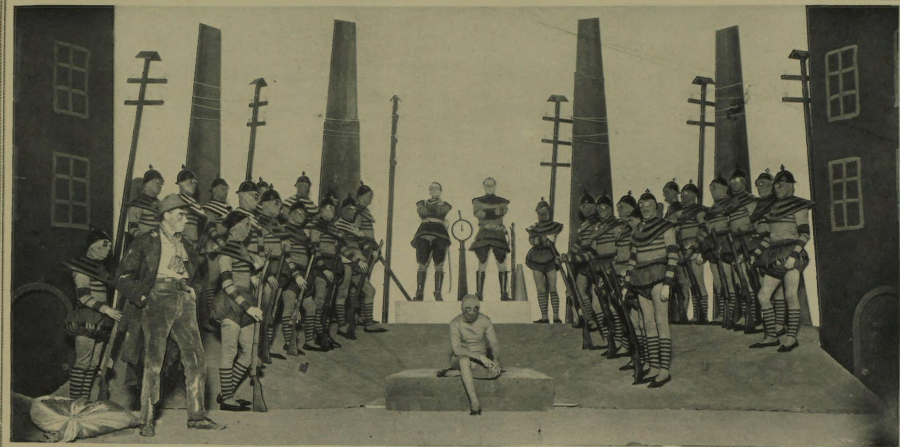


A NEW ADAM AND EVE: PRIMUS (MR. IAN HUNTER) AND HELENA (MISS OLGA LINDO) THE TWO MOST PERFECT ROBOTS, DISCOVER LOVE, THE MEANS OF RACE CONTINUANCE

A new trend in drama has shown itself in two remarkable plays from Czechoslovakia recently produced in London—"R.U.R." by Karel Capek, at the St. Martin's Theatre, and "The Insect Play," by Karel Capek and his brother Joseph, at the Regent Theatre, King's Cross. The initials "R.U.R." (which have nothing to do with the Ruhr!) stand for Rossum's Universal Robots, and the play is described as a fantastic melodrama. The fantasy, which is of a Welshian type, concerns the invention by synthetic chemistry of a race of mechanical creatures made by man in his own image, able to labour and to fight, but possessing no feelings or emotions. Tragedy comes when the slave-machines, like Frankenstein's monster, turn upon their masters on an island and exterminate their creators, beginning with the scientist who made them. Only one man is kept alive; but he, they find, does not know the formula for manufacturing Robots, and, as they last only a certain time, they are faced with extinction, until finally two of the most perfect specimens, Radius and Helena, suddenly discover love,

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER IN BULK; HUMAN INSECTS.

STAGE PHOTO CO.



A SATIRE ON WAR: "THE INSECT PLAY," AT THE REGENT THEATRE—THE BIG SCENE OF ANTS WHICH FIGHT FOR THE WAY BETWEEN TWO BLADES OF GRASS.



A SATIRE ON UNSCRUPULOUS "FINANCIERS": THE MURDEROUS ICHNEUMON FLY (MR. IVAN BERLYN) AND HIS LARVA (MISS ELSA LANCHESTER).

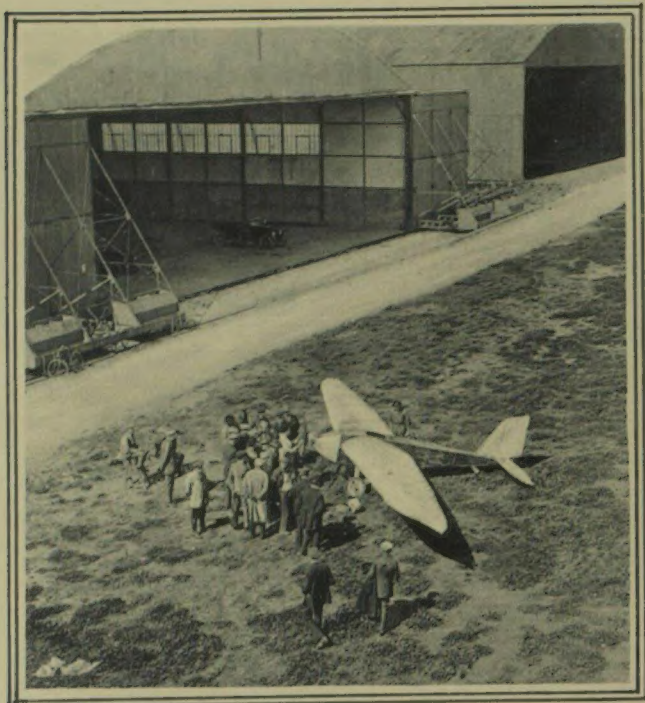


THE CHRISTOPHER SLY OF "THE INSECT PLAY": THE DRUNKEN SENTIMENTAL TRAMP (MR. WILLARD) WITH THE CHRYSALIS (MISS JOAN MAUDE).

and thereby a means of race continuance.—"The Insect Play" is rather a series of episodes in which human greed and cruelty are satirised in the guise of insects. The character of the Tramp acts as a kind of chorus, commenting throughout on the actions and fate of the insects. The most dramatic episode is Act III.—"The Ants," which is a powerful satire on the futility of war. Armies of ants, urged on by their "Chief Engineer," destroy each other for the right of way between two blades of grass, while the Blind Timekeeper keeps beating out the inexorable moments. In Act II., "Creepers and Crawlers," the unscrupulous "financier" appears as an Ichneumon Fly, murdering wholesale to supply his Larva with food. The ambition to "make a pile" is satirised in Mr. and Mrs. Beetle, whose pile, so laboriously made, is promptly stolen. They are played by Mr. A. Bromley Davenport and Miss Maire O'Neill. The Chrysalis keeps wanting to be born, and reform the world, and when at last she is born she becomes a May Fly and perishes almost at once.

ABROAD AND AT HOME: NOTABLE OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.B., ANTONY (YPRES), AND ALFIERI.



THE COMING OF "THE LIGHT CAR OF THE AIR": M. BARBOT'S LITTLE 15-H.P. MONOPLANE, IN WHICH HE CROSSED THE CHANNEL AND BACK, AT CALAIS.



NOT MUCH BIGGER THAN A TYPE-WRITER: M. BARBOT HOLDING THE 15-H.P. ENGINE OF HIS MONOPLANE.



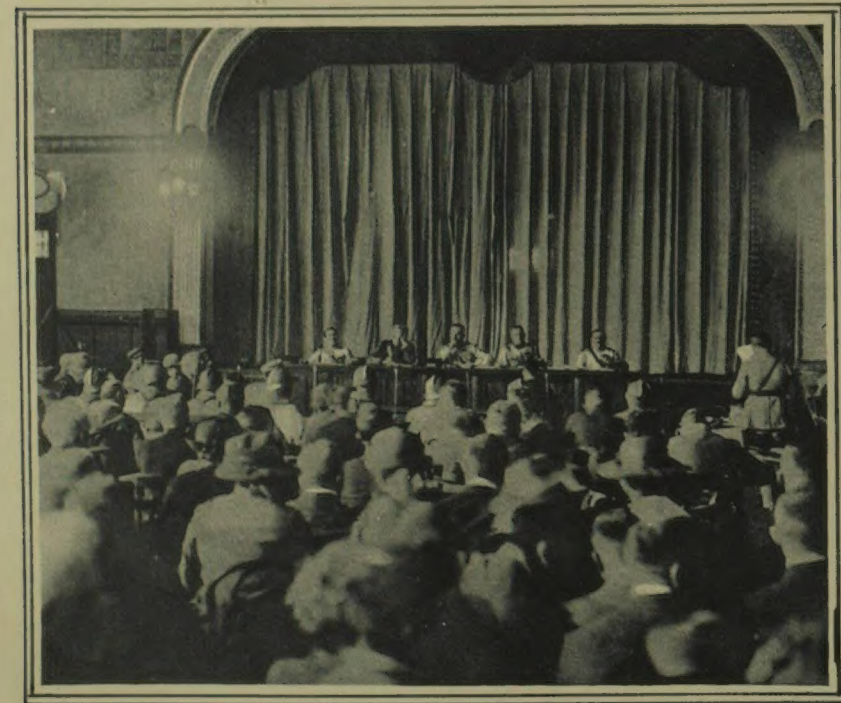
THE RETURN OF CARPENTIER: THE FAMOUS BOXER KNOCKS OUT NILLES WITH THE BEST PUNCH OF HIS CAREER, IN A CONTEST FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF FRANCE.



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AT THE GRAVE OF HER SOLDIER BROTHER, PRINCE MAURICE OF BATTENBERG: HER MAJESTY KNEELING, WITH THE BURGOMASTER, IN A WAR CEMETERY AT YPRES—(ON THE EXTREME LEFT, STANDING) KING ALFONSO.



THE PRINCE OF WALES PAYS A SILENT TRIBUTE, TO HIS COUSIN: STANDING BESIDE THE SAME GRAVE, WITH ITS SIMPLE WOODEN CROSS, DURING HIS VISIT TO YPRES.



THE TRIAL OF HERR KRUPP VON BOHLEN, THE HEAD OF KRUPP'S, AND OTHER DIRECTORS: THE FRENCH COURT-MARTIAL AT WERDEN.

The remarkable feat of the French airman, M. Georges Barbot, in crossing and re-crossing the Channel in a small monoplane with an engine of only 15 h.p., has opened up a new field of development in aviation. It heralds the arrival of "the light car of the air." His total consumption of petrol was two gallons, that of the return flight being only two-thirds of a gallon, costing 1s. 4d.—In a 20-round boxing match for the Heavy-Weight Championship of France, at the Velodrome Buffalo in Paris, on Sunday, May 6, Georges Carpentier defeated Marcel Nilles (the holder) in the eighth round. The knock-out blow (a left upper-cut) was described as the finest he has ever delivered.—After quitting Brussels at the close of their



VICTORIA STATION THE SCENE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGIOUS SERVICE: FATHER McKENNA AND MEMBERS OF THE ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES.

visit to the Belgian Royal Family, the King and Queen of Spain left their train at Ypres to visit the grave of her Majesty's brother, Prince Maurice of Battenberg, who was killed in 1914, while serving in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. The Prince of Wales also visited the grave when he was recently at Ypres.—Herr Krupp von Bohlen, the head of Krupp's Works at Essen, was arrested on May 1, in connection with the recent shootings at Essen. He was placed on trial, with other members of the firm, at Werden on May 4.—On the departure of the annual pilgrimage to Lourdes from Victoria the other day, Father McKenna, of Westminster Cathedral, led a short service in the station before the train started.

VISITED BY THE KING AND QUEEN: THE FORUM OF ANCIENT ROME.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



SHOWING THE
RUINS OF THE
TEMPLE OF
CASTOR AND
POLLUX, AND
THE PALATINE
IN THE
BACKGROUND:
THE SOUTH-EAST
CORNER OF THE
ROMAN FORUM,
WHERE THE
LATEST EXCAVATIONS
HAVE BEEN
MADE.

WITH DEDICATORY
STATUES OF
HEAD VESTALS:
THE ATRIUM
(COURT) OF THE
PALACE OF THE
VESTAL VIRGINS
NEAR THE ROMAN
FORUM, SHOWING
THE ANCIENT
MARBLE CISTERNS
FOR RAIN-WATER.



The King and Queen arranged to spend the intervals between official functions, during their visit to Rome, in a tour of the classical monuments, principally on May 8, their "archæological day." Their programme began with a visit to the Roman Forum, and the latest excavations at its south-east corner, as shown in the upper photograph on this page, where we see the ruins of the Temple of Castor and Pollux and part of the Palatine Hill in the background. Several distinguished archæologists undertook to conduct their Majesties through various parts of the itinerary; and for the visit to the Forum, as well as the Coliseum and the Baths

of Caracalla (shown on our double page of Roman antiquities) the chosen guide was Commendatore Giacomo Boni, Director of the excavations in the Forum and on the Palatine. The Atrium Vestæ, or Palace of the Vestal Virgins, dates from the first and second centuries. The court (220 ft. long by 75 ft. wide) was adorned with statues of Head Vestals, of which eleven are preserved, and has three marble cisterns which were used as receptacles for rain-water, as the priestesses were forbidden by the precepts of their association to use either river water or water conveyed through artificial channels.

VISITED BY THE KING AND QUEEN: ROME OF THE DAYS OF FASCES—NOW "GOVERNED BY FASCISMO."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR
OF ROME, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHAEOLOGIST.



ON "THE QUEEN OF ROADS" MADE BY APPIUS CLAUDIUS CÆCUS (THE BLIND):
THE TOMB OF AN UNKNOWN FAMILY BESIDE THE APPIAN WAY.



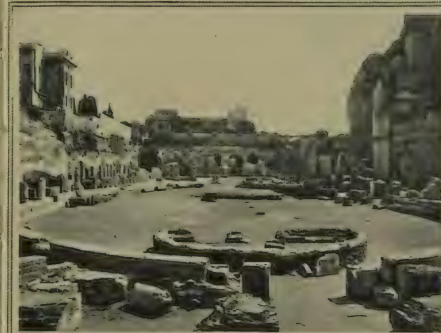
SHOWING THE AQUEDUCTS OF CLAUDIUS IN THE BACKGROUND: PART
OF THE APPIAN WAY, THE GREAT MILITARY ROAD THAT CONNECTED
ROME WITH SOUTH ITALY.



THE TOMB OF SENECA: ONE OF THE FUNERAL MONUMENTS OF THE PRINCIPAL ROMAN
FAMILIES WHICH BORDER THE APPIAN WAY.



THE GREAT FLAVIAN BUILDINGS: THE ARCH OF TITUS (BUILT TO
OF JERUSALEM IN 70 A.D.) AND THE COLOSSEUM (THE IMMENSE



CLEARED FOR THE PERFORMANCES OF THE DRAMA "RUMMUS," WRITTEN
FOR THIS YEAR'S COMMEMORATION OF THE 2676TH BIRTHDAY OF ROME:
THE PALATINE STADIUM.



COMMEMORATE THE ROMAN VICTORY OVER THE JEWS AND THE CAPTURE
AMPHITHEATRE BEGUN BY VESPASIAN AND FINISHED BY TITUS IN A.D. 80.



ONCE USED BY ROMAN EMPERORS AS A DINING-HALL IN THE HOT SEASON:
THE NYMPHEUM OF THE FLAVIAN PALACE ON THE PALATINE.



THE BATHS OF CARACALLA (OR THERMÆ ANTONINIANÆ), THE GREATEST OF THEIR
KIND IN ANCIENT ROME: THE TEPIDARIUM (OR WARM BATH).

The King and Queen visited officially "for the first time [to quote the Italian Premier, Signor Mussolini] an Italy steadily and solidly governed by Fascismo," and many of the ancient monuments they saw recall the days when history carrying the *fascis* preceded the principal Roman magistrates. On the day of their arrival in Rome (May 7), their Majesties drove round the city with Senator Lanciani, the famous archaeologist, who pointed out the objects of interest. On the next day Dr. Thomas Ashby, Director of the British School of Archaeology in Rome, undertook to show them the Appian Way; while Commendatore Boni (as mentioned on page 797) was chosen as their guide for the Forum, the Colosseum, and the Baths of Caracalla. Writing on May 4, Professor Halbherr said, in sending in the above photographs: "The royal visit will begin with the Forum and the latest excavations of its south-east corner, the Palatine and the

great Flavian buildings, *viz.*, the Arch of Titus and the Colosseum, and thence through the Arch of Constantine to the Baths of Caracalla and the Via Appia. I have chosen the most recent photographs and the most important monuments, chiefly of the Via Appia, these last being almost unknown to England. The photograph of the Arch of Titus and the Colosseum is taken from the Clivus Palatinus, one of the last-cleared ancient paved streets, giving access to the hill from the eastern part of the Forum. The Appian Way, the so-called Regina Viarum (the Queen of Roads) was a great military road constructed by the Censor Appius Claudius Cæcus (the Blind) to connect the capital of the Roman Republic with the southern provinces. It goes from Rome to Brindisi, and, in its track across the Roman Campagna, is bordered on both sides by funeral monuments of the principal Roman families."

THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: PROTAGONISTS OF THE EVENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., AND TOPICAL.



BEATING MR. R. A. GARDNER, U.S. CAPTAIN: MR. G. D. FORRESTER.



MAKER OF A MIGHTY DRIVE (310 YARDS) AT THE FIRST HOLE: MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY (LEFT) ON THE DEAL COURSE, WITH A REFEREE INSPECTING A "LIE."



LAST YEAR'S AMATEUR CHAMPION: MR. E. W. E. HOLDERNESS.



OUT OF A BUNKER: MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY, WHO BEAT MR. W. L. HALLEY IN THE FIRST ROUND.



THE U.S. AMATEUR CHAMPION BEATEN: MR. J. SWEETSER (RIGHT) AND MR. E. N. LAYTON.



THE U.S. CAPTAIN BEATEN: MR. R. A. GARDNER DRIVING FROM THE EIGHTEENTH TEE.



AN AMERICAN VICTORY: MR. FRANCIS OUMET (U.S.), WHO BEAT MR. A. H. READ, IN PLAY.



WINNER OF A CLOSE MATCH AGAINST MR. EVAN CAMPBELL: MR. R. H. WETHERED DRIVING.



BEATEN BY LAST YEAR'S AMATEUR CHAMPION. THE SCOTTISH CHAMPION, MR. J. WILSON, DRIVING.

The first round of the Amateur Golf Championship was played on the Royal Cinque Ports Club course at Deal on May 7, and, as usual, there were surprises and some unexpected "falls." Chief among the latter were the defeats of two of the most formidable American players, Mr. R. A. Gardner (Hinsdale, U.S.A.), their captain, and Mr. J. Sweetser (Siwanoy, U.S.A.), the young American Amateur Champion. Mr. Gardner was beaten by 2 holes by Mr. G. D. Forrester (Woking), who was Indian Champion last year, and captain of the Oxford team in 1913. Mr. Sweetser was beaten, by 5 and 3, by Mr. E. Noel Layton (Royal Cinque Ports Club). Another leading American, however, Mr. Francis Oumet (Woodland,

U.S.A.), was successful, defeating Mr. A. H. Read (Sunningdale) by 4 and 3. Mr. R. H. Wethered (Worplesdon) beat Mr. E. R. Campbell (Sunningdale) by 1 hole. Mr. Cyril Tolley (Rye), who beat Mr. W. L. Halley (Cooden Beach) by 3 and 1, made a tremendous drive of 310 yards (one of the longest on record in a championship) at the first hole, which is only 330 yards altogether. The top centre photograph shows Mr. Tolley waiting (in another recent match at Deal) while the referee decided whether his ball was playable. Mr. E. W. E. Holderness, the holder (Walton Heath) beat the Scottish Champion, Mr. John Wilson (Prestwick St. Nicholas) by 2 holes.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1923: NOTABLE EXHIBITS.



"To the Unknown British Soldier in France." By Sir William Orpen, R.A.

This remarkable symbolic work by Sir William Orpen is one of the most outstanding features of this year's Royal Academy Exhibition, which was opened at Burlington House on May 7 and will remain open until August 11. A full-page

portrait of Sir William Orpen himself, our readers will recall, was given in our last issue, for May 5. In the following pages we reproduce a number of the more notable portraits in the Academy, and other pictures.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY: A PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN; AND OTHERS.

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1. "THE LADY EVELYN MALCOLM." BY GERALD F. KELLY, A.R.A.



2. "HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BOURNE." BY GILBERT A. POWNALL.



3. "HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN." BY WILLIAM B. E. RANKEN.



4. "W. W. VAUGHAN, ESQ., M.V.O., HEADMASTER OF RUGBY SCHOOL." BY GEORGE HARCOURT, A.R.A.

Mr. William Ranken, R.I., R.O.I., the well-known painter to whom the Queen granted sittings, is a native of Edinburgh, and is Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. Lady Evelyn Malcolm is a sister of the Earl of Donoughmore, and married first the late Colonel Francis Douglas Farquhar, Coldstream Guards, who was killed in action in 1915. Her second marriage, to

Mr. D. O. Malcolm, took place at St. Marylebone Church on May 3. She was a Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Arthur of Connaught from 1920 until last year. Mr. W. W. Vaughan became Headmaster of Rugby in 1921. The above portrait was painted for Wellington College, of which he was previously Master. Cardinal Bourne has been Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster for twenty years.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY: OUTSTANDING EXAMPLES OF PORTRAITURE.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGHES.



1. "PRESIDENT COSGRAVE," BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.



2. "THE RT. HON. SIR JAMES CRAIG, BT., M.P.," BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.



3. "T.R.H. PRINCE AND PRINCESS SHIMADZU," BY THE LATE SIR JAMES J. SHANNON, R.A.



4. "HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, C.B.E., M.V.O.," BY HUGH DE T. GLAZEBROOK.

Mr. William Thomas Cosgrave is President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State. He was elected M.P. (Sinn Fein) for North Kilkenny in December 1918.—Lieut.-Col. Sir James Craig, Bt., is the first Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, a position which he assumed in June 1921. He represents a division of Co. Down.—The Duke of Northumberland, who is a Brevet-Lieut.-Col. (retired)

in the Grenadier Guards, served in the Great War and also in the South African War and the Soudan. He is an able speaker, and has taken a prominent part in Conservative politics. His portrait by Mr. Glazebrook is a fine example of that well-known painter's art.—The portrait of Prince and Princess Shimadzu is interesting as one of the last works of the late Sir James Shannon.

AN ATTRACTION OF "PRIVATE VIEW" DAY: OUR PORTRAIT

DRAWN BY W. R. S.



A CENTRE OF INTEREST: "LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON" (NOW DUCHESS OF

YORK)—SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR THIS PAPER BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.

At the Private View of the Royal Academy Exhibition at Burlington House, which opened its doors to the public on May 7, there was always a gathering of interested visitors in front of the charming portrait of "Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon" (now Duchess of York, with the rank and status of Princess), for which she gave a special sitting to Mr. John St. Helier Lander for "The Illustrated London News." The picture (the third from the left in the above drawing) was reproduced in colour in our Royal Wedding Number. It shows the Duke of York's Bride as she was before her marriage, seated, and wearing an opera-

OF THE NEW DUCHESS OF YORK IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

STOTT. (COPYRIGHTED.)



YORK)—SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR THIS PAPER BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.

cloak over evening dress. Her dark-haired beauty is set off by a broad collar of white fur, while the blue of her gown and the many hues of the cloak, among which rose-colour prevails, combine to form a brilliant colour-scheme. As usual on the opening of the Royal Academy, we reproduce in this issue a number of the most notable pictures, including many portraits. The Private View was on Friday, May 4, and on the following evening took place the annual banquet at Burlington House, where the Prince of Wales, as chief guest, made a very interesting speech on the present state of British art.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY: FEMININE PORTRAITS, REAL AND FANCIFUL.

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"THE DAUGHTERS OF THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL."
BY CHARLES SIMS, R.A.



"LITTLE DANCER," BY GLYN PHILPOT, R.A.



"PRISCILLA," BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, A.R.A.



"THE HON. MRS. FORBES-SEMPILL AND ANNE MOIRA,"
BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill have one son, Randolph Frederick Edward, born in 1911, and three daughters—Diana, born in 1909; Sarah Millicent Hermione, born in 1914; and another daughter born last year. The two elder girls are seen in Mr. Charles Sims's picture.—Mr. Glyn Philpot, who was recently elected an R.A., is one of the best-known of modern British artists. We gave a portrait of him in our last issue (for May 5), and in that of April 21 some examples from his

exhibition of paintings and sculpture at the Grosvenor Galleries.—Mr. Leonard Campbell Taylor, whose portrait also appeared in our last issue, is one of the newly elected A.R.A.'s. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1898.—The portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Forbes-Sempill (with her daughter, Anne Moira) is especially interesting as the work of her father, Sir John Lavery, R.A. She is his only daughter, and wife of the Master of Sempill, only son of Lord Sempill.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY: NOTABLE PICTURES OF SPORTING INTEREST.

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1. "MISS BABS McQUADE 'UP COUNTRY,'" BY THE LATE SIR JAMES J. SHANNON, R.A.



2. "THE LORD BERKELEY," BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



3. "MY HORSE IS MY FRIEND": A FINE WORK BY A FAMOUS PAINTER OF SPORTING AND MILITARY SUBJECTS, BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.

The first picture above is one of the last works of the late Sir James J. Shannon, R.A., who was knighted last year, and died on March 6, from an illness attributed to the effects of a fall from his horse about nine years ago. An American by birth, he had made his home in England since he was sixteen.—The Earl of Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire, has been

for the last six years Master of the Earl of Berkeley's Hunt, which dates from 1613. He was formerly a Lieutenant in the Navy.—The third picture on this page is one of six in the Academy by Mr. A. J. Munnings, whose "Epsom Downs, City and Suburban Day," was purchased by the Chantrey Bequest. During the war he painted forty-five war pictures for the Canadian Government.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ANIMALITY IN VEGETABLE GROWTHS: CLIMBING PLANTS.

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.

M. BERGSON has well said that there is no characteristic of the plant that one may not find in some animal, like the chlorophyll of the green species of Bell-Animalcule, or the cellulose in the tunic of the sea-squirt or Ascidian. And he goes on to say that there is no characteristic of the animal that one may not find in some plant, for a moment at least. Thus one recalls the exquisite tactility of the Sensitive Plant, the jerky movements of the Indian Telegraph Plant, and the digestive juice of the insectivorous Sundew. The animal lurks in the plant, and this is one of the reasons why climbing plants have a certain fascination. So many of them show a prolongation of the mobility which all young shoots show; so many of them have a sensitiveness to contact that excels that of our finger-tips; so many of them show a *vraisemblance* of endeavour—as if they were trying to reach sunshine and fresh air.

Scramblers. The simplest kind of climbing is well illustrated by Jack-run-the-hedge, or Cleavers, which insinuates its long and slender stems among the crowded branches of the neglected hedgerow, and scrambles up. It is helped to grip by the stiff whorls of leaves and by the re-

Root Climbers. This sounds a little like a contradiction in terms, and perhaps a better word, used by Professor F. O. Bower in his illuminating "Botany of the Living Plant," would be "Adhesive Climbers." The Ivy is a case in point, for, when we pull a piece off the wall or tree, we disclose a multitude of adhesive roots. They hold on so firmly that they often break off the ivy before they break off their support. They hold on by means of numerous microscopic root-hairs, more abundantly developed when the substratum is damp. According to Darwin, the climbing roots of the Creeping Fig exude a sort of glue, which enables them to adhere even to the smooth surface of glass.

The climbing roots of the ivy have lost the true root's inborn tendency to seek the earth, but they have a very strong tendency to grow away from the light, so they grow out on the side next the support. Experiments have shown that an ivy shoot growing in a dimly lighted space will give off adhesive roots all round. In ordinary cases the reason for the ivy's adhesive roots hugging the wall or tree is simply that they are constitutionally light-avoiders ("negatively heliotropic"); but in some other root-climbers the adhesive roots have a second obligation forcing them to press into their support—they are sensitive to contact. Another notable peculiarity of the ivy's climbing roots is this, that they are purely for adhesion. They cannot normally absorb moisture, and if the ivy plant is cut near the base the leaves soon wither. There are many tropical root-climbers, such

the garden-pea. As the delicate tendril grows, its tip describes leisurely circles (circumnutation). These movements may bring it into touch with a support, and the tendril is exquisitely sensitive to contact. The side away from the surface of contact grows more quickly than the side which is touching, so the tendril twines round the twig. It goes on doing so till the free part is used up. "Then," we venture to quote from Dr. MacGregor Skene's altogether admirable "Common Plants" (1921)—one of the best botany books ever written—"commences a different set of reactions. The coiled part hardens and becomes woody, clasping the support firmly. The long straight portion, between the support and the base of the tendril, twists into a tight corkscrew, reversed once or twice—for a thread fixed at both ends cannot be forced into a spiral without at least one reversal in the direction of the twist—and then becomes woody."

In the Virginia creeper the tendril is a transformed shoot, as in the grape-vine, but it attains an even higher grade of specialisation. It branches, and the tips of the branches seek the shade. They hug the wall, they expand into tiny discs, they secrete a glue! Thereafter the tendril may become woody and contract into a spiral spring. This is perfection!



THE NEW CHIMPANZEE WHO IS DRAWING CROWDS TO THE APE HOUSE: TOTO OF THE "ZOO."

versed prickles, like the tips of crochet-needles. It is also very sensitive to the influence of the light, always bending towards the more illumined side. The unequal illumination provokes unequal growth, and thus the scrambler automatically gets what it wants, or, to use a safer word, what it needs. The bramble is another scrambler or straggler.

What is effected in a relatively simple way in Jack-run-the-hedge is getting part of the plant into the sunlight and fresh air. The same result may be attained in more elaborate ways. Thus, in the Rattan Palms, often called Lianas, there are long lassoes which bear sharp outgrowths, sometimes like fishing-hooks. The wind sways these lassoes about—they may give an explorer a very bad wound—and they get fixed in the branches of the stronger trees. The Rattans scramble up, often by tortuous paths, so that they may be very much longer than the height of the tree on which they climb. Haberlandt reports a length of 600-1000 feet in extreme cases! There is an innate tendency to elongation in most climbing plants, and it is often fostered by the relatively dark environment, obvious enough in the tropical forest.

It is interesting to inquire into the nature of the hook-like grappling organs, for it turns out that very different parts of the plant may be transformed in the same way. The hooks may emerge on the greatly elongated tip of the midrib of the leaf; or they may be transformed leaflets or stipules, or they may be buds that do not succeed in becoming shoots. The long, elastic, hook-bearing lassoes of the climbing palms to which we have referred are usually due to a lengthening out of the midrib of a leaf, or to the transformation of an entire shoot into a flexible harpoon. The lassoes may be 3 to 6 feet in length.



THE MOST INTELLIGENT CHIMPANZEE THE "ZOO" HAS EVER HAD: TOTO, OF UGANDA.

Further details of Toto and his tricks are given on the opposite page. Copyright Photographs by D. Seth-Smith, F.Z.S., Curator of Mammals and Birds at the Zoological Gardens.

as some figs, peppers, arums, and orchids, and among these there are instances of two kinds of aerial roots—those that serve only for fixation, and those that are also able to absorb. It is said that the adhesive roots of the ivy may re-acquire the absorbing function if kept persistently on a very damp substratum. Professor Neger, in his admirable "Biologie der Pflanzen," to which we are much indebted, emphasises the interesting point that some root-climbers with absorbing aerial roots can flourish though they lose their connection with the ground.

Twiners. A third group of climbing plants is that of the Twiners, which coil round their support. They are familiarly illustrated by the hop, which twines in the direction of the hands of a watch, and by the convolvulus and scarlet-runner, which twine in the opposite direction, as is commoner. In the poisonous bitter-sweet of the hedgerow—really a twining species of potato—the coiling is sometimes in a right-handed, sometimes in a left-handed, spiral.

Tendril-Bearers. The most highly specialised climbing plants are the Tendril-Bearers, such as the bryony, the vine, the passion-flower, or



DANCER, COMEDIAN, AND ACROBAT: TOTO IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE AT THE "ZOO."

The True Inwardness of Climbing.

One must not think of there being any order of climbing plants. Over and over again the climbing habit has arisen independently in unrelated orders. There must be something deeply constitutional about it. No doubt it is the answer-back which a certain type of plant-constitution is able to make to the conditions of crowded vegetation, as in the tropical forest, the jungle, and the hedgerow run wild. Some plants have become shade-plants, like the moschatel. Others have become parasitic, like the broomrape. Others have entered into partnership with fungi. Others have become partly carnivorous, like the toothwort.

We wish to suggest that the whole assemblage of climbing plants should be regarded as the outcome of germinal variations in the direction of lankiness. A plant grown in semi-darkness suffers from etiolation (i.e., blanching through exclusion of light) and grows very long and "leggy." Some naturalists would say that a cumulative hereditary entailment of the reactions to etiolation has had its outcome in climbing plants. That is a "good-going heresy." But we do not subscribe to it, though we are aware that experiments on etiolation have shown that non-climbing plants may develop a tendency to scramble towards the light. They would hardly be worthy of the name of living creatures if they did not. Our theory is that climbing plants are those that have a constitutional predisposition to be lanky and to exhibit animality (in movement and touchiness), and that this inborn predisposition has been, in the course of time, more or less restricted to areas of crowded vegetation, combined with scanty light. And, of course, the etiolated nurture abets the nature.

A NEW ATTRACTION AT THE "ZOO": TOTO, ACROBAT AND COMEDIAN.

DRAWINGS BY J. A. SHEPHERD, MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



CAKE-WALKING, TIGHT-ROPE DANCING, AFFECTING "NERVES," AND FEINTING A FALL: TOTO, THE CLEVEREST CHIMPANZEE EVER SEEN AT THE "ZOO"—AND A GREAT "DRAW" IN THE APE HOUSE.

The greatest attraction at the "Zoo" just now is the subject of the above drawings, which have been specially done for us by the well-known humorous animal-artist, Mr. J. A. Shepherd. The animal is a chimpanzee from the district of Kivu, in Uganda, presented by Mr. W. J. Moynagh, and brought home from Africa by Mr. Cherry Kearton. Mr. D. Seth-Smith, F.Z.S., Curator of Mammals and Birds, writes: "It is the most intelligent, active and accomplished chimpanzee that has

ever been at the Zoological Gardens. He is an expert acrobat, and a great attraction to the Ape House." The drawings indicate that he is an adept in the cake walk and in comic tight-rope dancing, in which he is seen performing for all the world like a human acrobatic comedian, pretending to be afflicted with nerves, feinting a fall, and then lying on his back and grinning. Photographs of him appear on the opposite page.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

The Hidden Treasure of the Capitol.

By Senator Rodolfo Lanciani, D.C.L., Professor of Ancient Topography in the University of Rome

NO temple of ancient Rome has gone through so many vicissitudes as that of Jupiter Optimus Maximus on the western summit of the Capitoline Hill. The first crude and simple structure, planned by the

(nuggets of gold, silver, and other precious metals, as they come from the mines before having been purified in the smelting-furnaces).

It is not difficult to appreciate the immensity of the treasure sunk into the depths of the Capitoline Hill on June 21, A.D. 71. When one thinks that it represents the joint offerings of the metropolis of the Roman world, of a population of about one million people, excited by religious feelings, impatient to witness the raising from the ashes of the seat of the god (Fig. II) who had presided over the fate and destinies of the Commonwealth for so many centuries, we can easily persuade ourselves that that mass of gold and silver must represent the value of several hundreds of thousands.

Has it been found already in the Dark Ages? Or is it still waiting in its hiding-place for a rescuer? No question about the right answer. *The Capitoline treasure has never been discovered from the fall of the Empire (and of the temple itself) to the present day.* The platform of tufa blocks, on which the temple stood, may have suffered diminution in height at the hands of the Caffarelli family (the owners of the ruins), it may have lost here and there a few layers of stone, but, "horizontally" speaking, it is intact (Figs. IV. and VII.).

In 1536, when the Dutch artist, Marteen Heemskerk, drew his well-known panoramic view from the top of the Capitol, the site of the temple was as yet untouched. The excavations of the second half of the sixteenth century have been carefully described by an eye-witness, Flaminio Vacca, the sculptor. He speaks of huge columns, pilasters, capitals, and entablatures, so huge, in fact, that he was able to carve out of a single block one of the lions now in the Villa Medici (Fig. III.); while another artist, Vincenzo de Rossi by name, was making use of other blocks for the decoration of the Cesi Chapel in the church of S. Maria della Pace (Fig. I.).

Now, if these excavations, absolutely superficial, had led somehow to the discovery of the Capitoline treasure, we should most certainly have had news of the event. Finds of this nature—which require the collaboration of many, who share the secret, and which give rise to sudden and otherwise inexplicable increase in the fortune of one or more families—cannot be con-

cealed. In the same way that the knowledge of many cases of treasure-trove, in the darkest period of the Middle Ages and in the most out-of-the-way corners of the city, has reached us, by tradition or by written statements, even so should we have heard of this greatest find of all, made right under the eyes of the "Conservatori," or municipal magistrates of the city, who owned the site of the temple (Fig. V). And, besides, the "Historiæ" of Tacitus—the only source of information we possess on this subject—were discovered only towards the middle of the fifteenth century. The probability, therefore, that the mass of gold and silver lies still hidden in the heart of the Sacred Hill amounts almost to a certainty.

Why, then, do we not try the experiment and solve the problem once for all? The task is not so easy as it may appear. In the first place, the area of the Temple of Jupiter was German property, and the Caffarelli Palace was the seat of the German Embassy until the outbreak of the late war. I have never experienced such thrilling moments of archæological joy as when I was deputed by the Government to superintend and direct the demolition of the said palace and the uncovering of the platform of the temple. Both tasks were

accomplished in the space of a few weeks. The German Embassy—namely, the Caffarelli Palace—was made to disappear for ever, and the platform of tufa blocks, underneath which the treasure is buried, was exposed to view from end to end (Fig. VIII.). Unfortunately, we are ignorant of the precise point of the sacred area at which the ancients were wont to lay their corner-stones, if I may make use of such a word in my complete ignorance of its genuine significance. Was it really at the right-hand front corner of the platform that the inaugural stone was sunk, or is it a conventional and rather modern expression without any determined significance? A corner-stone of a famous Roman edifice has already been found. I refer to the discovery, made on April 1, 1531, in the lowest foundations of the Temple of Janus, between the Senate House and the Basilica

Uffizi. He says that the round cinerarium rested on a great block of marble, flanked by two blocks of travertine, and that above it there remained *in situ* a base of one of the columns of the temple. Mariano mentions another find, "*magnæ areorum nummorum copia*." Here we have, therefore, all the particulars certifying the exactness of the account given by Tacitus—the corner-stone, the cinerarium with the ashes of the bull, of the sow, and of the sheep, and the great mass of coins. And if we bear in mind that the base of one of the columns of the temple was found *in situ*, above the inaugural stone (Fig. VII.), our task is made easier by the knowledge we possess of the location of the front line of the columns of the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol.

I do not know whether the proper investigation will be made by those who have the power to do it. It is my firm belief that, sooner or later, the hidden treasure will come to light, and I do hope that whoever may take advantage of its discovery will not forget that I have foreseen and anticipated it in an article published on Jan. 28, 1894. *Rome, April 1922.*



FIG. I.—WITH PENTELIC MARBLE STATUES AND RELIEFS CARVED BY VINCENZO DE ROSSI OUT OF BLOCKS FROM THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER: THE CESI CHAPEL IN S. MARIA DELLA PACE AT ROME.

two Tarquinii, withstood weather and age for 426 years, until a malefactor set it on fire, July 6, B.C. 86, and reduced it to a heap of burning ashes. Less fortunate than Erostratos, his name has remained unknown; but he was probably a partisan of C. Marius, considering that Marius himself laid his impious hands on the smouldering ruins, and robbed the treasure-chest of the temple of several thousand pounds of gold.

The reconstruction of the sanctuary was begun by Lutatius Catulus, and finished by Julius Caesar. Augustus rebuilt it in B.C. 9, after we do not know what disaster, to undergo once more ruin and despoliation during the rebellion of Vitellius. The victorious Emperor Vespasian undertook the fourth restoration, inaugurating it by removing and carrying off on his own imperial shoulders a basketful of rubbish, which, according to the admonition of the Augurs, had to be dumped into the marshes of Ostia. Lucius Vestinus, named special Commissioner for the new building, displayed such energy, that in less than two years the ceremony of inauguration was ready to be performed.

The details of this occurrence are described by Tacitus in the fourth Book of the "Historiæ." The day chosen for laying the corner-stone was June 21 in the year 71. The area to be occupied by the temple was marked by masts, from which hung festoons of flowers and evergreens and bright-coloured banners. In the early hours of the morning, under a cloudless sky, first to arrive were the delegates from the Army, brandishing, not weapons of war, but branches of olive and palm. They were followed by the Vestals, with their usual escort of white-robed boys and girls of the highest patrician descent, who performed the "lustration" of the sacred enclosure, the water for which had been drawn from the live springs of Juturna.

Plautius Aelianus, Supreme Pontiff, then offered the *suovetaurilia*, sacrificing a bull, a sow, and a sheep; whilst Helvidius Priscus, prætor, invoked the protection of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, for the prosperity of the Commonwealth, and for the quick and successful ending of the work of reconstruction. The invocation over, Helvidius touched the ropes interwoven with flowers, to which the inaugural stone was fastened. Instantly the magistrates, the priests, the Senators, the Knights, the people dragged the great block to the edge of the well and lowered it to the proper depth. A march-past was then formed, headed by the Emperor and his family and kinsmen, and followed by the Consuls, generals, ambassadors, and Roman citizens in general, each individual throwing into the well "*argenti auriq; stipem et metallorum primitias*"



FIG. II.—THE GOD WHO PRESIDED OVER THE FATE OF ROME FOR MANY CENTURIES: A TERRACOTTA HEAD OF JUPITER (A PHOTOGRAPH HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED).

This bust was discovered by Sir Savile Lumley (afterwards Lord Savile) in excavations near Civita Lavinia (ancient Lanuvium), at a place called Villa Collicola.



FIG. III.—SHOWING A LION (ON THE RIGHT) CARVED BY FLAMINIO VACCA OUT OF A SINGLE BLOCK FROM THE CAPITOLINE TEMPLE OF JUPITER: THE VILLA MEDICI AT ROME.

Photographs by Courtesy of Professor Rodolfo Lanciani.

HIDING VAST TREASURE OF VESPASIAN'S DAY? THE CAPITOL AT ROME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR RODOLFO LANCIANI.



FIG. IV. HORIZONTALLY INTACT, AND PROBABLY STILL COVERING THE CAPITOLINE TREASURE: THE PLATFORM OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER IN THE CAFFARELLI GARDEN.



FIG. VII.—PROBABLY COVERING THE INAUGURAL STONE AND THE GREAT DEDICATION TREASURE OF GOLD AND SILVER: THE S.E. CORNER OF THE TEMPLE PLATFORM



FIG. V.—AS IT WAS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: THE PALACE OF THE CONSERVATORI (WHO WOULD HAVE KNOWN HAD THE TREASURE BEEN FOUND).



FIG. VI.—TYPICAL OF THE STONE FROM WHICH THE GREAT BLOCKS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER WERE CUT: THE TUFA CLIFF OF THE CAPITOL (WEST SIDE).



FIG. VIII. EXPOSED BY THE DEMOLITION OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY WHOSE PIPES AND CABLES ARE SHOWN: THE TEMPLE PLATFORM OF TUFA BLOCKS (NORTH SIDE).

While visiting the antiquities of Rome during the last few days, the King and Queen will no doubt have heard the story of the vast treasure believed to be still lying beneath the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol. It is a classical romance of the first order, and quite thrilling, as Professor Lanciani relates it in his article on the opposite page. The treasure consisted of a mass of gold and silver nuggets, the dedicatory offerings of Imperial Rome at the great rebuilding of the temple by Vespasian in 71 A.D. The original masonry of the temple platform, covering the foundation stone, where the treasure must lie, was recently found to

be still intact. It was an outcome of the war, and Italy's entry on the side of the Allies, that the discovery was made, for the temple site was beneath the German Embassy in the Caffarelli Palace. Professor Lanciani was entrusted with its demolition, which he carried out with "archaeological joy," and under it he found the ruins of the great shrine to which, in far-off days, the path of piety led "up to the everlasting gates of Capitoline Jove." The first results of the demolition were illustrated in our issue of December 17, 1921. In Fig. v. above is seen a bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius.

FOR THE FIRST TIME THE "ARENA" OF THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: A FAMOUS SOUTH COAST COURSE.

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SHOWING THE POSITIONS AND DISTANCES OF THE EIGHTEEN HOLES: A PICTORIAL DIAGRAM OF THE ROYAL CINQUE PORTS GOLF COURSE NEAR DEAL,
CHOSEN FOR THIS YEAR'S AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Amateur Golf Championship meeting was arranged to begin on May 7 on the course of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, about a mile and a half from Deal. There were 209 entries, including 14 from the United States. The American golfers arrived at Southampton in the "Mauretania" on April 23. The Cinque Ports course, as our illustration shows, lies along the shore of the Channel, and has all the characteristics of seaside links, with natural sandy bunkers. The Deal course has never before been chosen as the scene of the Amateur Championship, though it has been played on the neighbouring course at Sandwich, and the Open Championship took place at Deal in 1909 and 1920. Last year's Amateur Championship was played at Prestwick, and was won by Mr. E. W. E. Holderness. The

positions and distances (under championship conditions) of the holes on the Cinque Ports course are shown in the above drawing. It may be of interest to add the Bogey figures for the eighteen holes, which are as follows—Out—(1) 4; (2) 5; (3) 5; (4) 3; (5) 5; (6) 4; (7) 4; (8) 3; (9) 5; total (Out), 38. Home—(10) 4; (11) 5; (12) 5; (13) 5; (14) 3; (15) 5; (16) 5; (17) 4; and (18) 5; total (Home), 41. Total (Out and Home), 79. In that delightful book, "The Golf Courses of the British Isles," by Bernard Darwin, illustrated by Harry Rountree, we read: "The golf at Deal is very good indeed—fine, straight-ahead, long-hitting golf, wherein the fives are likely to be many and the fours few. . . . The difficulty lies in hitting far enough, and not so much in the intrinsic terrors of the holes."

"Onespected" Inns: Grog and Log and Bed of Down.

"DICKENSIAN INNS AND TAVERNS." By B. W. MATZ.*

YEARS ago there stood in an obscure part of the Fens eastward of Ely, "where the wandering traveller would not expect to meet with public entertainment," *The Onespected Inn*. Dickens did not know it—he did not write of it! Strange, when you think of it, for none could have keener nose for the Onespected: all his inns and taverns, his hotels, his beer-houses and his drinking-shops have the enviable characteristic, if not in themselves, in their frequenters or in the birds of passage who alighted at them and passed on. Pity 'tis 'tis true. It would have completed and rounded off his tally. Indeed, had he stumbled upon it, he might well have echoed that estimable female, Sairey Gamp, when, replete with pickled salmon and cucumber, butter and a morsel of cheese, the Brighton Tipper and not more than a shilling's-worth of gin and water warm, she was impelled to utter unctuously: "What a blessed thing it is—living in a wale—to be contented!"

As it is, his record is stupendous. "There seems to have been a positive allurements about an inn or tavern for Dickens which he could not resist. He lingered over the most decrepit and lonely public-house, such as the dirty Three Cripples, the resort of Bill Sikes, as he did over the sumptuous Pavilion Hotel at Folkestone." . . . In most cases he found reflection of his cheery optimism; grog and log after great-coat and mufflers and the straw of the jolting coach; blazing fire, drawn curtains, mulled port,

Head set the glasses and d'oyleys on, and held that Liquid Gout to the three-and-sixpenny wax candles, as if its old-established colour hadn't come from the dyers."

But that, as we all know, was the exception. Weighing the other scale deep down are the Holly Tree, where the Boots, taking a chair and something in a liquid form, recalled the story of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walmers; The Saracen's Head, at Snow Hill, where Squeers collected the ill-fated youngsters for Dotheboys Hall; the Maypole at Chigwell; the old George at Salisbury, model for that tavern at which Tom Pinch "fell to work upon a well-cooked steak and smoking hot potatoes"; the London Tavern, which kept the turtles for its soup swimming in tanks—two tons at a time—and housed the "United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company"; the Blue Dragon, By Mrs. Lupin; Jack Straw's Castle; the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters (the Grapes, Limehouse); the King's Arms, Lancaster, with its nightly dish of wedding-cake; and many, many another.

All of them Dickens loved. Most of them existed. Some were built by the master's fancy, mosaics whose pieces were garnered in many parts. Some still stand, terribly changed by the "mirrors, me'ogany, and stained glass" of a vulgar age. Some remain almost unaltered—a lucky few.

Of those of "Pickwick," our author wrote a while ago; now he has turned to the rest and is equally happy. He delves not only into the Dickens associations, but into history, and ever with excellent effect. The facts as they appear in the fiction are, of course, his first care; but he does not disdain the others.

Take his notes on the Saracen's Head Inn, on Snow (or Snore) Hill, which dated from the twelfth century, and stood two or three doors from St. Sepulchre's. According to the fifteenth-century Benedictine John Lydgate, author of "The London Lyckpenny," it would appear that, "when Richard Cœur-de-Lion returned from the Third Crusade in 1194, he approached the city of London and entered it by the New Gate, on the west. Being much fatigued by his long journey, the weary monarch, on arriving at Snow Hill, outside the gate, stopped at an inn there and called loudly to a tapster for refreshment. He drank rather freely, 'untill ye hedde of ye Kinge did swimme ryghte royallye.' He then began laying about him right and left with a battle-axe, to the 'astoundement and dyscomfythure of ye courtierrers.' Upon which one of the Barons said, 'I wish hys majestie hadde ye hedde of a Saracen before hym juste now, for I trowe he woulde play ye deuce wyth itte.' Thereupon the King paid all the damage and gave permission that the inn should be called 'Ye Saracen's Hedde.'" A good story—true or not!

The inn became a great institution. In 1522, Charles V. of Germany stayed there; his retinue occupied three hundred beds, and stabling for forty horses was provided. In 1666 the Great Fire destroyed it, but it arose from its ashes. "In 1672, John Bunyan, after his release from Bedford Gaol, paid frequent visits to London by coach to the Saracen's Head, and it is recorded that he spent several nights within its hospitable walls." Dean Swift knew it too; and Nelson, who, a youngster of twelve, stayed a night there before making his first voyage in a merchant ship in 1770. In Dickens's day it was not only a great coaching centre, but Sarah Ann Mountain, who kept it, had a coach factory. "One of her advertisements announced that 'Good, comfortable stage-coaches, with lamps' could be purchased at '110 to 120 guineas.'"

Next, the Maypole (The King's Head, Chigwell), famous through "Barnaby Rudge." "History tells us that about 1713 the King's Head was used for sittings of the Court

of Attachments, and that farther back in 1630 'the Bailiff of the Forests was directed to summon the Constables to appear before the Forest Officers, for the purposes of an election,' at the 'house of Bibby,' which probably was no other than what became the King's Head at Chigwell. . . . The



MODEL FOR THE INN IN WHICH TOM PINCH AWAITED MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT: THE OLD GEORGE HOTEL, SALISBURY.—[Photograph by T. W. Tyrrell.]

same writer also mentions 'an arched recess in the cellar, made to hold the wine which served for the needs of the Officers of the Forest, after the graver labours of the day.'

And so to the Fountain, at Canterbury: "'The inns in England are the best in Europe, those in Canterbury are the best in England, and the Fountain wherein I am now lodged as handsomely as I were in the King's palace the best in Canterbury.'" So wrote the Ambassador of the Emperor of Germany to his master on the occasion of his visit to this country to attend the marriage ceremony of Edward I. to his second Queen, Margaret of France, in Canterbury Cathedral on the 12th of September, 1299.

"The Royal Fountain Hotel . . . is one of the oldest inns in England; indeed, it is so old as to claim that the wife of Earl Godwin, when she came to meet her husband on his return from Denmark in the year 1029, stayed there. It also claimed to have been the temporary residence of Archbishop Lanfranc whilst his palace was being built in 1070; and there is a legend associated with it that the four knights who murdered Thomas à Becket made it their rendezvous in 1170."

Then the Rainbow, in Fleet Street, which was "the second house in London to sell coffee and was at one time kept by a Mr. Farr, who was prosecuted for the nuisance caused by the odious smell in the roasting of the berry!"

Finally, for the purposes of these notes, the King's Arms, Lancaster, where Dickens and Wilkie Collins found a strange custom of the house: an enormous wedding-cake always served with the evening's hearty meal, a cake accounted for by—but that would spoil the story. To the book!

E. H. G.



WHERE DICKENS STAYED WHEN SEEKING LOCAL COLOUR FOR "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY": THE KING'S HEAD, BARNARD CASTLE.—[Photograph by T. W. Tyrrell.]

punch, and the best of beef; plump landlord, beaming landlady tight as a gooseberry; the gay light of candles; and a bed of down round which the ruddy shadows flickered, dancing the guest to sleep. In others, not even his charity could find a pleasing thing. Is there not that deliberately unlocated and falsely-named 'Bull's Head' of 'The Uncommercial Traveller'—unlocated and falsely named, the law of libel being strong in the land—of which the novelist was constrained to write: 'Take the old-established Bull's Head with its old-established knife-boxes on its old-established sideboards, its old-established flue under its old-established four-post bedsteads in its old-established airless rooms, its old-established frowziness upstairs and downstairs, its old-established cookery, and its old-established principles of plunder. Count up your injuries, in its side-dishes of ailing sweetbreads in white poultices, of apothecaries' powders in rice for curry, of pale stewed bits of calf ineffectually relying for an adventitious interest on force-meat balls. You have had experience of the old-established Bull's Head stringy fowls, with lower extremities like wooden legs sticking up out of the dish; of its cannibalistic boiled mutton, gushing horribly among its capers, when carved; of its little dishes of pastry—roots of spermaceti ointment erected over half an apple or four gooseberries. Well for you if you have yet forgotten the old-established Bull's Head fruity port; whose reputation was gained solely by the old-established price the Bull's Head put upon it and by the old-established air with which the Bull's



THE SIX JOLLY FELLOWSHIP-PORTERS OF "OUR MUTUAL FRIEND": THE GRAPES INN, LIMEHOUSE.—[Photograph by T. W. Tyrrell.]

Illustrations Reproduced from "Dickensian Inns and Taverns," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Cecil Palmer.

* "Dickensian Inns and Taverns." By B. W. Matz. Editor of "The Dickensian"; Author of "The Inns and Taverns of 'Pickwick,'" etc. Illustrated. (Cecil Palmer; 10s. 6d. net.)

"LONDON SPEAKING": THE SOURCE OF BROADCAST ENTERTAINMENTS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON



"BLANKETED" TO PREVENT ECHOES: THE NEW LONDON STUDIO OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING COMPANY.

Those of our readers who are "listeners-in" to broadcast wireless entertainments—and their name, no doubt, is legion—will be interested to see, in the above drawings, the actual source from which the sounds emanate. The scene is the new London studio of the British Broadcasting Company, at 2, Savoy Hill. In the centre is the microphone, with a performer singing into it, and her accompanist on the left. On the right sits the announcer, who gives out the familiar announcements prefaced by the words, "London speaking." In the left background is the "quality" signaller, behind a double glass window. He hears the performance just as a listener-in hears it, through a receiving-set, and, if the sound is faulty, signals with his hand

to the announcer, who, in turn, motions to the performer to come nearer to the microphone, or go further away, as required. Red lights indicate to those within that the microphone is open and no sounds but the performance must be made, and to those outside that the doors must not be opened. The room is thoroughly proof against external sound. The walls are built with three layers of fabric and lined with hangings, while the ceiling is also "blanketed" and the floor covered with a heavy carpet. The object is to prevent echoes, which would impair transmission. In this room are given performances of every kind—songs, lectures, addresses, humorous turns, or orchestral music.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A "PILLAR" OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE: "THE ROCK" BY NIGHT.



MR. KENNETH D. SHOESMITH'S fine picture, "Gibraltar by Night," is one of the gems of the present Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours (195, Piccadilly), which will remain open until the end of May. The picture presents a fresh and very striking aspect of the famous Rock, which in ancient times was one of the Pillars of Hercules, and for over two hundred years has been one of the "pillars" of the British Empire, since its capture by Sir George Rooke on July 24, 1704, during the War of the Spanish Succession. It was afterwards attacked repeatedly by the Spaniards. It withstood a long siege in 1726, but the greatest siege in its history was that which lasted from 1779 to 1783, when it was gallantly held by Lord Heathfield against the combined forces of Spain and France. Gibraltar is of immense importance as a naval base, commanding the Mediterranean, and as a coaling station. It is a Crown Colony, and the present Governor is General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. The Rock of Gibraltar is a great promontory of brownish-grey limestone or marble, connected with the mainland of Spain by a low-lying isthmus, and there is a zone of neutral ground between it and the Spanish lines. In shape the Rock is like an enormous lion, three miles long and about 1400 ft. high, except on the western side, where it slopes more gradually to the sea. At the southern end (seen on the right in the picture) is Europa Point, with a lighthouse and signal station. The town has three main divisions—the North Town, South Town, and the Lighthouse.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THE authoritative "LIFE OF SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON" (Heinemann; 21s.) has a special claim to mention on this page; for it was at the request of *The Illustrated London News* that Shackleton made his maiden effort in writing for the Press. His article, issued as a special supplement to this journal, gave an account of his first Antarctic experiences, as a member of Scott's expedition on the *Discovery*. Lieutenant Shackleton was at that time quite unpractised in writing, and he found it uphill work, but he immediately gave promise of that graphic and virile style which he was afterwards to develop.

In the Antarctic he had read much in the admirable ship's library, the gift of London publishers to the expedition. There he had discovered and assimilated Browning, whose poetry had taken an extraordinary hold upon his imagination—so strong a hold, in fact, that Browning could not be kept out of the memorial. All through Shackleton's later life, that poet's teaching coloured the explorer's thought. Nor is this surprising. He was himself—One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward, Never doubted clouds would break. . . . Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

I was not actually present when Shackleton dictated his first article in this office; but in an adjacent room I heard from hour to hour how it was going, and how stern and dogged were his wrestlings with the unfamiliar task. Hitherto he had been a man of action, rather than a man of words, but it was not long before he proved that he could translate action into fitting language. His work was all the better that he was not a professional scribe. Accounts of high adventure are most successful when they are left to some actual participant, who is not in the first instance a writer. Expeditions need not trouble to take out an official reporter. They can produce the right man at need, as was proved recently in the Mount Everest affair.

Mr. Hugh Robert Mill's biography of Shackleton is a just and intensely engrossing study of a remarkable personality. The explorer was a man of indomitable courage, to whom the Fates granted much, but denied him, by an ace, the chief prizes for which he strove. But even when he missed the most cherished achievement, he never failed either himself or his comrades. He resembled that old Spaniard of whom Mr. Cunningham Graham says in one of the wisest of his essays: "What I like about this man is his life [of sturdy failure]." To know how to fail sturdily is not the least part of success.

Novel-readers will find in the present season's publishing lists a wide and varied selection of new stories. Both old hands and new are well represented. Mr. H. A. Vachell, who is as regularly periodic in his orbit as a planet, offers "THE YARD" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), another story of dealing—horse, not furniture-dealing this time; and from the same publishing house comes "TIME IS WHISPERING" (7s. 6d.), by Elizabeth Robins, who makes a welcome reappearance with a story of an elderly courtship, told with all the writer's delicate insight. Messrs. Hutchinson also issue Mr. Stephen McKenna's new novel, "THE COMMANDMENT OF MOSES" (7s. 6d.), a problem book in which an old theme, the unwanted child, is handled in a new and original way, the awkward entity being evaded, but the price having to be paid just the same. In the same list will be found Mr. De Vere Stacpoole's "VANDERDECKEN" (7s. 6d.), a romance with all the familiar qualities of this tried and trusted author's best work; and a comparatively new writer, Mr. Selwyn Jepson, son of Mr. Edgar Jepson, makes his third bow in fiction with "THAT FELLOW MACARTHUR" (7s. 6d.). Mr. Selwyn Jepson is taking his place among the diligent and assiduous young men. It seems only yesterday that I read and enjoyed his first book—a buried-treasure story, with humorous pictures of a popular fiction factory—and here he is rapidly (I hope not too rapidly) filling up his

shelf. He has a light and pleasant touch and may be trusted for good entertainment.

The already large public that admires Miss G. B. Stern (Mrs. Geoffrey Houldsworth) will find that the strong hand she showed just a year ago, in "The Room," is equally cunning and vigorous in "THE BACK SEAT" (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.). She has the modern style and appeals to the modern taste in social portraiture and light satire. A practitioner of much longer standing and older method in that vein, Mr. Percy White, is to the fore again with "MR. BAILEY MARTIN, O.B.E." (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), yet another chapter in the life of that agreeable rascal, the titular hero. Mr. White has somehow never quite got all the recognition he deserves. Perhaps professorial duties in Cairo University have not been altogether favourable to fiction, but Mr. White is a first-rate story-teller. When he came over the horizon with "Park Lane," more years ago than I care to count, that shrewd critic, the late L. F. Austin, told me he

and readers on this side are likely to endorse that opinion. Another notable novel of the day is Mr. J. D. Beresford's "LOVE'S PILGRIM" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), where this writer shows once more his power to combine subtle psychological analysis with admirable story-telling. That is where Mr. Beresford's strength lies. Some of our analysts forget that the tale's the thing. To the eligible candidates for your library list you should add Sapper's "THE DINNER CLUB" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.) a book of capital short stories. "Sapper" never disappoints; nor, for that matter, does "Bartimæus," whose "SEAWAYS" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.) is in the right breezy vein he has taught us to expect. Ibañez's "THE TORRENT" (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d.), Hergesheimer's "THE BRIGHT SHAWL" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), John Cournos's "BABEL" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), and Dorothy Canfield's "ROUGH HEWN" (Cape; 7s. 6d.) are also among the pick of the new novels, and things not to be missed. I hope to return to some of these in a later article.

The distinction of Mr. Michael Sadleir's English style is a thing for which to thank heaven fasting. He proved it in "Privilege": he has maintained it in "DESOLATE SPLENDOUR" (Constable; 7s. 6d.). And where the manner is so excellent, the matter, with certain exceptions, is equally praiseworthy. The exceptions are the quite unnecessary obtrusions of what St. Paul so happily called "things that are not convenient." One need not specify them more clearly, but merely pass them by with a note of regret that a narrative otherwise so splendid, vital, and, at times, appropriately bizarre, should have been disturbed by dingy superfluities. The story of an elderly guardian's love for his young ward is thread-bare enough, but Mr. Sadleir has lifted it far above the commonplace. Viola Marvell and Charles Plethorn are new and brilliant creations. They have brought Mr. Sadleir another stage along the road that is leading him to assured fame.

What becomes, one often asks, of many meritorious first novels? They appear, are praised, and pass. Possibly they have successors, but no particular reputation results for the author. There are, to be sure, the big hits, bullseyes at the first shot, though these are rare; and there is the first book that floats at last on later successes of the author's. But there is another kind of fortune, that of the first novel which, in spite of good reviews, sells very slowly at the onset, but gains a gradual popularity. This is what happened in the case of Mr. John Paris's "Kimono," which appeared, and was heartily praised, in May 1921. Messrs. Collins say that the advance orders were about the leanest of any novel they had published. But its progress in the 7s. 6d. edition, if slow, was sure. In April 1922 the demand warranted the issue of a 2s. 6d. edition, of which 20,000 copies have been sold. The book has been translated into several languages. In October, Messrs. Collins will publish Mr. Paris's new novel, "Rice and Chop Sticks," which, like its predecessor, is a story of Japan.

Mr. James Blackwood sends me the very welcome announcement that Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons are issuing a Uniform Edition of the novels of Neil Munro in ten volumes at 3s. 6d. each. The great body of readers who appreciate Mr. Munro's superb art will not consider such an edition premature by a single day. It was in the halcyon 'Nineties that this great Scottish writer came on the literary scene. I first heard his name from the late George Douglas Brown, author of "The House with the Green Shutters." Brown, then unknown to fame, had read "The Lost Pibroch" before it was published, and he was vehemently enthusiastic over it. He called it "great stuff: the right stuff," and he was confident of its success. Nor did Brown err. Henley called Munro's work "most personal, most persuasive—in places merely exquisite." Lang said he "does what genius alone can do." Mr. Munro has always given of his best, and Art is justified of her children.



THE AUTHOR OF "ANNA CHRISTIE": MR. EUGENE O'NEILL, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN DRAMATIST WHOSE NEW PLAY HAS MADE A GREAT HIT IN LONDON. Mr. Eugene O'Neill, whose "Anna Christie" (at the Strand Theatre) shows great emotional power and insight into character, first took to dramatic writing in 1914, and has many other plays to his credit, including "Beyond the Horizon," "Thirst," and "The Moon of the Caribbees." He was born in New York in 1888, studied at Princeton and Harvard, was at sea two years, and has also been an actor and a reporter. In 1918 he married Miss Agnes B. Burton, of London.

thought that in Mr. White we had a new Thackeray. If the prophecy has not been fulfilled, it is merely because Thackerays do not pass this way a second time. Mr. White can stand on his own individual merits, and his friends and admirers wish him a still wider public.

Messrs. Thornton Butterworth's list will be gratifying to lovers of Mary Johnston's fine and distinguished work, for it contains her new novel, "ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN-SEA" (7s. 6d.), a tale of Columbus, brilliant in its historical setting. American critics consider this the best book Miss Johnston has ever written,

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

ENEMIES OF THE THEATRE.—THEATRICAL DEPRESSION.

WHEN one hears of the enemy of the theatre, the first thought is of the Censor, the next of the so-called "Nonconformist conscience." The latter, difficult to locate, may remain undiscussed, the more

keeper a member of our society, and, as the Statutes ordained that any member could buy tickets *ad lib.*, it soon became bruited abroad how and where the tickets were obtainable. So all those who were not

in a position to subscribe simply went "next door" and got what they wanted. It is a humiliating situation. The concert, cinema, to say nothing of the "pub," are Everyman's domain on Sundays; the theatre can only be opened by stratagem.

Surely it is time to break with these remnants of die-hard national conservatism. Here is a chance for a Labour M.P. to make a name by pressing a claim which is a

in spite of all the wailing. But look at the list now current! I could name a dozen plays in London worth seeing, and certainly far above the post-war standard of 1920-21. Some of them are light fare, some revues, and for these there is always a public; but others—"R.U.R.," "The Gay Lord Quex," "Love in Pawn," "Polly," "Anna Christie," just a few titles that tell—are of quality, entertaining as well as appealing to the intellect. Yet quality is no guarantee of commercial success. Did not Mr. Percy's "Trespases"—infinitely better than a good many other plays—die of inanition after five days?

The real root of the matter lies in two causes—outward influences and excessive prices.

The outward influences grow daily in power. Our theatres are always under the clouds of public events, including the weather, if it may be called an event. National festivities, from football to races, increasing in frequency, are enemies of the theatre. Formerly they may have been friends: one used to go to the theatre after a day's sport, or a royal wedding, or the visit of a foreign potentate. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* The wealthy go to gala dinners and dances; the less-endowed dance too or fill the cinema; the young bloods that used to enliven the promenades at the Alhambra and the Empire frequent the night-clubs; the theatre becomes an afterthought. Again, when the weather has its spell of nasty moods, the dancing hall, the cinema—in the case of the suburbs the local theatre—are close at hand, if out one must go, and they save the tedious bus or train journey. Or if the sun shines prematurely and long, with summer-time to boot, the garden at home, the river-side pleasures, the bus-ride, are a ready excuse to let the theatre severely alone. For—and thus influence number two links in—the theatre is too dear; the tax, which the visitor pays without a murmur while the managers growl about it, makes itself felt; and even if the tax were removed, the stalls and the dress-circle would be too dear for the majority when Budgets are no longer what they were pre-war. Hence, if you look well around, you will see the stalls and dress-circle sparsely filled, whereas the upper circle is now frequented by many who are not too proud and used to go to the balcony, and the pit and gallery are over-full, for their patrons are the people who have the theatre habit, who love the theatre, and who would rather forgo any other pleasure than that of the play. This is so true that plays could be named which had to be withdrawn because there was practically little public for the high-priced seats and not enough room to supply the demand in the upper-circle, pit, and gallery.

The whole question is, therefore, one of economics, and the remedy is the "axe," which has operated in every walk of life except the theatre. And so long as that axe does not fall upon rents, salaries, wages, hire of scenery, and "props," it would seem impossible, so the managers say, to lower the prices. Yet, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, I believe that a manager who would begin by "axing" the prices of admission would probably find less room and more company in his theatre.



A BOARDING-HOUSE COMEDY THAT HAS MADE GOOD: MR. DERMOTT (MR. DENNIS EADIE) BRANDISHES A WEAPON OVER MISS SHOE (MISS JEAN CADELL) IN "AT MRS. BEAM'S" AT THE ROYALTY.

Mr. C. K. Munro's comedy of boarding-house life, "At Mrs. Beam's," first produced by the Stage Society, and then at the Everyman, has since had a notable success at the Royalty. In our photograph the characters are (l. to r.): Mrs. Bebb (Miss Frances Wetherall), Mrs. Beam (Miss Maud Jolliffe), James Bebb (Mr. Raymond Massey), Miss Shoe (Miss Jean Cadell), Mr. Dermott, the gentleman "crook" (Mr. Dennis Eadie), Miss Cheezle (Miss Margaret Watson), and Colin Langford (Mr. William Monk).—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

so as there is a progressive *rapprochement* between the Church and the Stage. The former, the Censor, much assailed at the beginning of the century, shows such latitude that he may be considered nowadays as a guardian against license, instead of an obstruction to liberty. Nor do we hear latterly the old cry, "Abolish the Censor!" for the very good reason that if the Lord Chamberlain were to lose his control we should come under the heel of the police, and what that means can only be realised by those familiar with the procedure abroad. Heyermans in Holland; Schnitzler in Vienna (and Berlin), could unfold such tales as would make us feel happy under our present régime, governed not only by the Lord Chamberlain and the Reader of Plays, but by a council of men of the theatre, from whom liberality of views may be reasonably expected.

But there is another enemy within the gates, and that is the Law, which administers a different sauce to the goose and the gander. To put it in a few words: You may go to a concert hall or cinema on Sundays and pay at the door; but if you wish to go to the theatre on Sundays, you must be a member of a society. Of the technical reasons of differentiation we have no cognisance; but the fact is patent, and it stands in the way of progress. Take, for instance, the case of the Shakespeare Fellowship, a band of enthusiastic young actors who, under the presidency of Mr. Arthur Boucher, have clubbed together to devote their day of leisure to the worship of the Bard for the benefit of the people.

Now, the object of the Fellowship is Shakespearean propaganda at such prices as would meet the purses of the working classes. If the doors were open to the passer-by—and the box-office during the week—that would be easy and practicable. Many people dislike being bound by dates, and prefer to go to the theatre on the spur of the moment. Moreover, subscription means the paying of a—*to some*—not inconsiderable sum down; or, if it were payable in instalments, a costly administration, postage, etc. Unless much money is expended to reach the millions of the Metropolis, the subscribers are likely to remain limited in number, for the very simple reason that the majority do not know what is going on in the great city. Abroad, where they do these things better, the success of the People's Theatre is the possibility of buying seats anywhere at any time. Result, that the throng attends at such low prices as to make the two ends meet and a little over. On subscription, and having regard to the demands of the stagehands, such a happy issue is fairly doubtful.

Of course, the law being a "hass," it is possible to pull its tail. When, some thirty years ago, we opened the Royalty Opéra Comique for Sunday entertainments in defiance of the law, we found a back-door. We made the nearest tobacconist or sweet-shop



A COMEDY OF FILM-MAKING: MERTON GILL (MR. TOM DOUGLAS) AND THE MONTAGUE GIRL (MISS PATRICIA COLLINGE) IN "MERTON OF THE MOVIES," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

public need of the classes as well as the masses.

There is no doubt about it: on the whole, the theatres are doing badly. Last week I heard of a West End house where the evening receipts amounted to £115s. (whether there was any pence was not stated), but I know that the rent per week is about £200. This figure of an evening's harvest, however, may seem the extreme of absurdity, but it is significant; and if box-office secrets were revealed we would probably learn that, at a liberal computation, not more than half our theatres pay their way.

What is the cause?

The usual reply is, "Because the plays are inferior." Is that so? Of course, there are always bad plays in the week's programme—and some of them succeed



THE FILM-STRUCK ASSISTANT REHEARSING WITH TWO DUMMIES IN HIS EMPLOYER'S STORE: MR. TOM DOUGLAS AS MERTON GILL IN "MERTON OF THE MOVIES."—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

Born 1820—Still going Strong!



HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 23.

EDINBURGH CASTLE: Built by James I of Scotland in the 15th century, it was restored in 1888-89. Its romantic situation no doubt influenced the work of Sir Walter Scott, who was born and educated in Edinburgh.

**Trio of
Highlanders :**

“We can dae withoot the
Ghost o’ Wattie Scott, the
Wizard o’ the North, but
losh ! let’s hope **JOHNNIE
WALKER’s** coming back.”

THE WORLD OF WOMEN



Polished chrome leather makes this attractive motoring coat from Aquascutum, 126, Regent Street. It is lined with teddy-bear fleece cloth.

WHAT will the art critics say about the Academy this year? I write before they have had time to record their wicked, or otherwise, remarks. The general public will, one imagines, suffer from lack of interest in the pictures as a whole. Horses were what I liked best—Lucy Kemp-Welch's and Munnings' horses. Next to them the sculpture attracted me. A statuette of the Prince of Wales after a game of squash-racquets, racquet under arm, cigarette in half-outstretched hand, Fair Isle sweater, and all complete, even to the creases in his trousers; it was charming. A bust of the late American Ambassador, George Harvey, I loved—perhaps because I've grown to love his memory through his "Life and Letters." "Courage Bringing Victory" is an inspiring model for a bronze statue. There are portraits galore, as the Irish say, and, judging by the remarks about them at the private view, they are good, bad, and indifferent. One is of our superb-looking Queen—just like enough to make one wish it wasn't!

Travellers returning from the sunny land of Spain seem to have found that there is something in the rhyme of childhood, "Rain, rain, go to Spain": a considerable amount seems to have gone and also to have stayed there. On the whole, however, Spain seemed to have had quite a salutary effect on some friends just returned. As everything was anything from an hour to two hours late, they are less exigent as to punctuality in their own households. They asked a head waiter in Seville why everything was so late. "Not everything," said he. "Ze trains and ze bull-fight to ze very moment." Much struck were they by the Spaniards' enthusiasm for their English Queen, and by their courtesy and kindness to English visitors, probably in consequence thereof. The Queen of Spain is, they say, a wonderful worker, always about among the people doing something for them. The method of salute to royalty struck these Britons as rather odd. It looked like a mixture of bows, shrugs, and wriggles, but it was always conscientiously gone through, even to the royal children, and at San Sebastian to the ex-Empress Zita and her children, who are staying there very quietly. King Alfonso is adored by the people too.

"To meet the Society of Women Journalists"—so ran the invitation sent out by Viscountess Burnham for an evening quite recently at Princes Galleries. At first sight it looked as if the said society included a percentage of men unusually large on such occasions. There was Viscount Burnham himself, genially welcoming everyone, with his pretty, graceful wife, who wore black and diamonds and pearls, with some soft fawn-coloured tulle in her hair. Then, apparently, in Journal-land every lassie of whatever

age had her laddie, and there were even a few to spare. It was a pretty party—interesting pictures to look at, an excellent band to listen to, and a sit-down supper for 140 guests at a time. There were some well-known people there, and everyone liked to see them. No host and hostess could have been more truly hospitable; so Lady Burnham scored a great success, and the Society of Women Journalists must have clapped itself very cordially on the back, if societies can perform such acrobatic exercises.

Princess Mary, before going off to Newmarket, opened the Royal Amateur Art Exhibition to the public. There was so much desire to see her Royal Highness that it was with some difficulty that she could be piloted to her place through serried masses of—chiefly—ladies. The Princess wore the largest hat I have ever seen her in. It was black tulle and lace, with sapphire-blue ribbons threaded round the brim, about an inch from the edge. She looked charming when the hat was at an angle at which one could see her. Only the stereotyped opening words were hers, but if she did not say much, she smiled the more. Her coat and skirt were light-grey, with soft-blue embroidery. The Princess has a new Lady-in-Waiting, instead of the Countess of Cavan. She is Miss Sylvia Kenyon Slaney, only daughter of Lady Mabel Kenyon-Slaney, whose son married the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn's eldest daughter. Princess Mary makes little demand on "her Lady," as she goes unattended, save to ceremonies, and is, indeed, usually with her husband.

When things prove attractive to womenkind, they are sought after to aid charities. There were, last week, two dress parades in aid of good causes. It is rather a luxurious method of becoming intimately acquainted with Madame La Mode to meet her, in all her pleasant aspects, over a delightful tea, and to become quite friendly with her and appreciative of her varied charms to the strains of a string band. No more decided differences of opinion were ever demonstrated in an acrimonious debate in Parliament than were expressed with politeness and courtesy on these occasions. The merits of the spring of a Court train; the width of a wedding-dress—this, indeed, moved one woman to the remark of the young woman from Yarrow ("Who said with a smile, As she stuck in the aisle: 'They build these here churches too narrow.'")—the question of a sleeve; the angle of a hat; and multitudinous other matters of import, were discussed with the utmost good humour and yet with a complete mastery of the mysteries in question. This would have been an example to Members of Parliament, had any been present. There is reason to believe that they were employed over mere political futilities, and consequently missed golden opportunities.

It is a little curious to watch the faces of a number of people while the latest steps in dances are being demonstrated. There is a kind of wonder mingled with expectancy as they see a pair slowly and solemnly pacing foot to foot about a small platform. Surely, they think, the dance will begin soon. It does not, and one woman says to another, "What on earth do they call that?" while the other replies shortly, "Danse Funèbre"; and really it is an apt name for it.

It has been generally noticed that when the Queen of Spain attends a bull-fight, as it is her lot fairly frequently to do, she never removes her opera-glasses from her eyes. A curious explanation is that the centre glass is black. It is said to be an expedient of King Alfonso, by which his English, animal-loving wife is spared a sight that must greatly try her.



Unless seeing-in can be combined with listening-in, I fear that the Broadcasting business will prove but a temporary craze. A family most enthusiastic about it, so much so that its members listened enthralled to the tape prices, feel now that the finest concert lacks something, and declines to be seduced from the enjoyment of a book, a conversation, or a game to listen to the most beautiful programme. Theatrical managers, musicians, and others will come into their own again all right, for seeing and hearing are so wedded to each other for giving pleasure that unless there can be a ring to bind the two in broadcasting it will soon be a thing of the past. The principal fascination about it seems the "alone I did it" principle, for only those who arrange their own apparatus seem real enthusiasts about it.

The Duke and Duchess of York seem to be spending a honeymoon after their own hearts. Glamis Castle is an ideal place for it; the Highland people are singularly considerate and charming, and the Duchess of York thoroughly understands them, and they her. Probably the thing that the royal bride will least like about her new life will be its publicity, but she will bear her part charmingly.

Lady Rachel Cavendish, who was a bridesmaid on Feb. 28 of last year, is a very handsome, typically highly bred English girl, bright of eye, clear of lovely cream and roses skin, and regular of feature. Her engagement to Captain the Hon. James Stuart is quite one of romantic interest. The meeting at which he was attracted to her took place at Chatsworth in 1921. He was then a younger son with no great prospects ahead. However, keen soldier though he was, and is, he embraced a business career, went out to the States to study modern methods, and is now secure of a good position in the City, and, what is much more important, of a charming wife. His eldest brother, Lord Doune, who was an airman in the war, and in the Scottish Horse, had about six celebrations of his coming-of-age owing to the different estates. There is another brother, the Hon. Archibald Stuart, who is in the Navy.

A. E. L.



While polo fleece makes the workmanlike tennis coat on the left, while the well-cut suit can be had in all the excellent Aquascutum materials. (See page 822)

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series*The Shakespeare Inn; Stratford-on-Avon*

Your Room Inspires your Dreams

CURIOSLY fitting to old-world Stratford are the associations of this fine old Tudor hostelry, sometimes known as the Shakespeare Inn, sometimes called the Five Gables. Can satisfaction lack in a Coffee Room named "As you like it?"

No cold, indifferent, index number marks your room at the Shakespeare. The name of some loved play gives witching personality to your chamber. Can you do otherwise than dream?

A private mansion in its origin, a public inn since 1610, pilgrims to the playwright's home in countless numbers must have rested here. What homage, doubtless, has been paid to that portrait of Shakespeare which, still preserved, formed the original sign of this famous inn!

The illustration shows the original five gables of the inn as they exist to-day. One may happily note that the later enlargements are fully in keeping with this older portion. In keeping, too, at the Shakespeare Inn is an order for the *original* John Haig—first made in 1627, a few short years after the inauguration of the hostelry. Nearly three centuries of increasing popularity among men of discriminating taste distinguish this fine old whisky.

Dye Ken
John Haig?
 THE ORIGINAL
The Clubman's Whisky
since 1627



By Appointment

Fashions and Fancies.

For the Swimmer. Gay colours are eminently in keeping with the holiday mood, and it is therefore not surprising that swimming suits and other seaside accessories become more vivid every year. Taffetas and silk stockinette are still close rivals as the favoured mediums, and a variation of the brilliant-hued bathing dresses, quaintly decorated with marine birds and beasts, are the simple costumes of earth-brown, a colour which is to be particularly fashionable this summer. Beach sunshades are a necessity to those who do not assume a becoming bronze tint after exposure to the sun, and many of them will be made of bright Italian peasant-shawl materials, with fascinating furry monkeys perched on the



A gaily printed bandana handkerchief, over a plain rubber diving helmet, makes an effective bathing cap.

ferrule. Armlets, and even earrings, of clouded glass, chosen to match the bathing-dress, are high in favour with the mermaid; and another important item is a pair of beach shoes shaped like bed-room slippers, and carried out in that splendid material, crêpe rubber.

Perfect Tailoring. Good cut, which is an essential at all times, is especially important in sports clothes, for the most suitable sports wear is always simplicity itself, and therefore depends entirely for its value on perfect cut and tailoring. Aquascutum, who



Beach-shoes of crêpe rubber and a rubber bag for carrying them must be included in every swimmer's outfit.

have removed from 100 to 126, Regent Street, are renowned for the excellent fit of their garments, and they are responsible for the two coats and the suit



Appliqué crabs in white crêpe-de-Chine decorate this fascinating black taffeas bathing suit.

shown on page 820. Polished chrome leather makes the fleece-lined motoring coat. It is double-breasted, and the price is 16 guineas; or 14 guineas if suède is

chosen as the medium. Nothing could be more welcome after a hard game of tennis than a white polo fleece wrap coat similar to the one illustrated. It boasts a deep collar that can be turned up and buttoned closely round the throat. Six guineas is the price, and seven guineas will secure the same coat in soft camel-hair fleece. The well-finished tweed suit sketched on the right is obtainable in any of the reliable Aquascutum materials from 10 guineas.

Handkerchiefs in Novel Forms. Everyone possessing a fine appreciation of artistic colour-effects should obtain a copy of the



Glass armlets of various hues are a feature of fashionable bathing attire.



White foulard or cotton crêpe beach sunshades should have vividly embroidered centres.

leaflet recently issued by Liberty's, of Regent Street, illustrating various methods of arranging their beautiful silk handkerchiefs. Liberty fabrics are so well known that nothing need be said in their favour, and the most attractive turbans, and even blouses, can be made from their printed handkerchiefs with very little trouble. The folder contains, besides illustrations, a list of the prices of these handkerchiefs, which are hand-printed at Merton Abbey works. The figures range from 2s. 11d. for a 17-in. square of Japanese silk, to 17s. 6d. for a Japanese satin handkerchief in a 36-in. size. Paisley silk of every hue and tint is well to the fore at the moment, and Liberty's have produced a number of new and very attractive designs in this medium. E. A. R.

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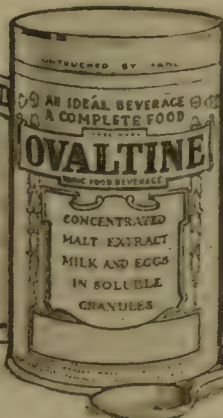
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

LONG-RUN OPERA.

AFTER more than two hundred consecutive performances, "The Immortal Hour" has at last been withdrawn. Let us be under no illusion about the success of the opera. Most pieces that are put



THE AMERICAN RUNNER-UP FOR THE ST. GEORGE'S VASE AT SANDWICH: DR. O. S. WILLING.

Photograph by Sport and General.

on for a long run are expected to pay their way, if not to make a handsome profit. Mr. Barry Jackson admitted frankly, at the presentation made to him on the last night, that "The Immortal Hour" had been run at a loss. No doubt he foresaw from the very first that this would be the case. There may be occasions when a manager considers it worth his while to run a piece at a loss in a London theatre for the

sake of advertisement, knowing, or at any rate hoping, that this will enable him to recoup himself by financial success in the provinces. I should like to hope that Mr. Barry Jackson might balance his losses after this fashion, but I do not imagine that he produced "The Immortal Hour" in London with this deliberate intention. Mr. Barry Jackson, although he is a theatrical manager, is an idealist. He produced "The Immortal Hour" because he believed in it as a work of art, and he kept it going in the hopes of inducing the general public to share his belief. And it is certainly true that "The Immortal Hour" has won its position on its own merits. It has had no more than the usual amount of Press publicity. It has had no stars in its cast, though it need hardly be said that the cast was all the better for that reason. It was not an opera of a type to attract the general public. Mr. Boughton's music has won the affection of audiences, but he has never sought popularity by meretricious or vulgar means. Indeed, the opening scene of "The Immortal Hour" requires no small amount of goodwill even from those who are predisposed in the opera's favour.

Many musicians have been puzzled to account for the undoubted hold which it has had upon audiences of all kinds. Those who are by nature critical have had plenty of good reasons to find fault with it; but they have often confessed themselves fascinated by the opera against their will and against their critical judgment. The reasons for this fascination are, I believe, simply these: the story is in itself suitable for musical treatment, being a story which, like the legend of Orpheus, expresses itself naturally in terms of music; the libretto is taken from the works of a genuine poet and has a literary value of its own; most important of all, the music itself, however unequal in inspiration, is always concentrated in the voices. It is the singers rather than the instruments that express the composer's innermost thought; and whatever the æsthetic value of that thought may be, it holds the attention of the audience because it is expressed in actual song. For that reason there is never a moment when the audience lose interest in the people on the stage, unless it be during the first monologue. As long as the characters are singing and leading the musical thought, they seem real to us. If they were to become subordinate to the orchestra, we should lose interest in them. This is a purely technical matter, quite independent of whether Mr. Boughton is or is not a great composer.

But there is another aspect of this production of "The Immortal Hour." What has been, and is

going to be, the effect on the public, and on the operatic situation generally, of the fact that an English opera has been performed continuously for over two hundred representations? In the first place, it has set a standard of operatic production which is very different from that generally accepted by operatic companies in England. People have gone to "The



THE AMERICAN WINNER OF THE ST. GEORGE'S VASE AT SANDWICH: MR. FRANCIS OUIMET.

American golfers carried all before them in the competition for the St. George's Vase at Sandwich. Two of them, Mr. Francis Ouimet and Dr. O. S. Willing, tied for first place with a score of 153 each for the 36 holes, and a third American, Mr. R. A. Gardner, was third with 154. On playing off the tie Mr. Ouimet beat Dr. Willing by one stroke over 18 holes, their scores being 77 to 78.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

Immortal Hour," and gone to it over and over again, not for the sake of particular singers, but simply for the sake of the opera itself. Considered in detail, the

[Continued overleaf.]

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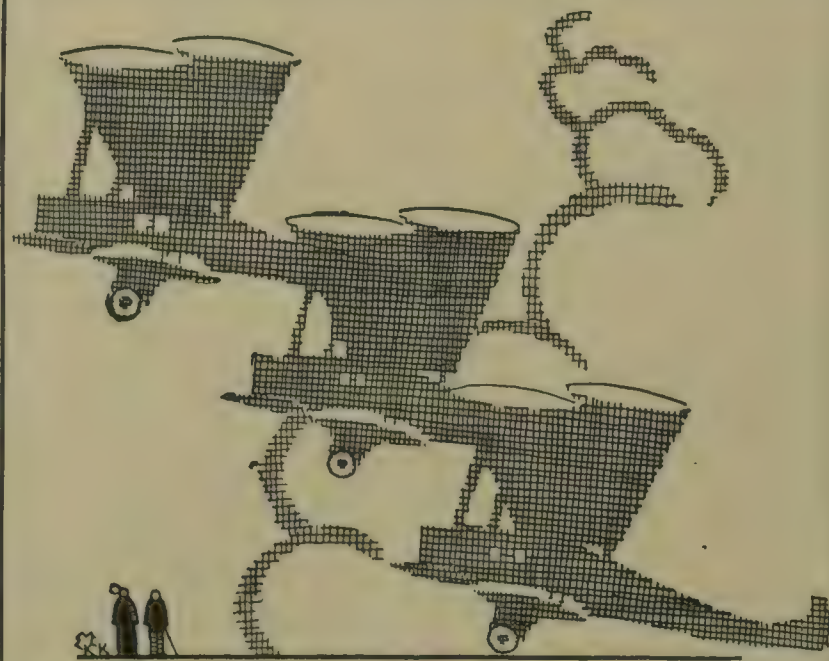
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COLNA-DONA.

*O stone! Prone from the stormy night the traveller
shall lay him by thy side: Battles rise before
him, blue-shielded kings descend to war. The darkened
moon looks from heaven on the troubled field.
He shall ask about the stone, and the aged shall reply
"This grey stone was raised by Ossian, a chief of other years."*

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(Continued.) production was far from perfect. During the initial weeks of the run the performances improved up to a certain point; but after that things went on in the same way and little attempt was made to correct errors of judgment. Supposing that the opera had been brought out at Dresden or Munich in the palmy days of German opera, it would have had a certain number of performances in the course of the repertory, would then have been withdrawn for a time, and very possibly taken up again later, rehearsed again from the beginning, and probably very much improved in the process. This is impossible in the course of a long run. In an English repertory opera company the opera would just go on without further trouble; it would be seldom rehearsed, and the performances would simply get worse and worse until it dropped out altogether.

The long run of "The Immortal Hour" has had at least this good result, that it has drawn public attention to the opera in a way that no ordinary repertory performance could do. Had it been put on in the course of repertory many people would have missed it altogether, by inadvertence, by indifference, or by pressure of other engagements. Put on for a run of several months, it is always accessible. If I cannot go this week I can make certain of it a week later. In the present state of benevolent apathy towards opera this is, perhaps, an advantage. At the "Old Vic," where opera always draws full houses, you must make up your mind in good time as to what you wish to see, or you will risk not getting in at all. Needless to say, the long-run system for opera has just the same drawbacks as it has for plays. The strain on the singers' voices need not necessarily be prohibitive. Certain operas may be fatiguing; others not; in any case, understudies ought to be available, so that individual performers can be released for a holiday, just as happens with other long-run productions. In the present conditions of life in London it is probable that

the long-run system suits the practical convenience of theatre-goers better than the repertory system, which is appropriate enough to a town the size of Frankfurt or Hanover. From the practical point of view of the theatre-goer, the repertory system of the great German opera-houses is inconvenient to the last degree, unless one is a regular subscriber through-

sumptuous and spectacular, but confining his repertory to works that could conveniently be given with the resources required for "The Immortal Hour." It is possible that in this way he might build up his own public, as the "Old Vic" has built up a public of a different type.

Opera has throughout its history been more directly affected by social conditions than any other form of music. It has for centuries been the plaything of Princes, and for that reason many people have suggested that it will very shortly die out altogether as the result of modern social changes.

I do not see that there is any need for it to die out. But it must adapt itself to modern conditions, and although Continental opera-houses go on in their old ways at enormous loss, and millionaire opera continues to exist at New York and Monte Carlo, opera in England will never establish itself both artistically and financially as long as it clings to effete traditions. Mr. Barry Jackson appears to have a sense of the future.—EDWARD J. DENT.



ROUMANIA'S ABLE AND ACCOMPLISHED QUEEN: HER MAJESTY AT A RECENT REVIEW, AS HONORARY COLONEL OF THE 4TH REGIMENT OF ROCHIORI (HUSSARS).

Queen Marie of Roumania is a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, second son of Queen Victoria, and is thus a first cousin of the King. Her mother was a daughter of the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia. She married King (then Prince) Ferdinand of Roumania in 1893. Modern Roumania owes much to her social and political ability.—[Photo. by C.N.]

out the whole season.

Many people would rejoice if Mr. Barry Jackson would try the experiment of repertory opera in London on a modest scale, not attempting the



"MY HORSE IS MY FRIEND": THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA AND HER CHARGER.

This photograph recalls the Academy picture by Mr. A. J. Munnings, A.R.A.—"My Horse is my Friend"—reproduced on another page of this number.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Wolseley House, the beautiful building erected last year in Piccadilly by Wolseley Motors, Ltd., has been paid a signal honour by the Royal Institute of British Architects. A jury consisting of Earl Crawford, Sir Aston Webb, Mr. Paul Waterhouse, Sir Reginald Blomfield, and Mr. F. Guy Dawber, were appointed to select the best street frontage completed during 1922 within a radius of four miles from Charing Cross, and, after examining a score of fine buildings, unanimously decided in favour of Wolseley House, the award being based on its æsthetic treatment and architectural technique. The architect, Mr. W. Curtis Green, has therefore been awarded a special bronze medal by the R.I.B.A. as the designer of the building. This is the first year the medal has been awarded.



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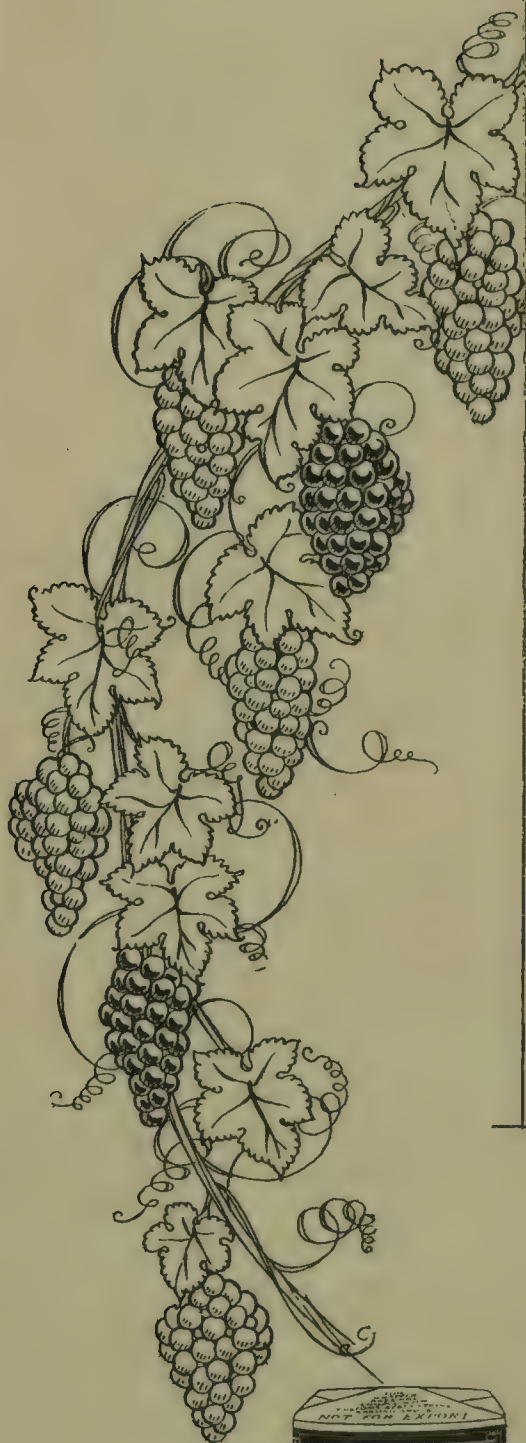
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

UNINVITED GUESTS.

ONE of my correspondents writes to tell me that some time ago, when shark-fishing in Florida, he landed a specimen eight feet long; and, as he hauled it aboard, there dropped from the prize several

is a long oval structure, broken up into transverse pleats. This is the "sucker," from which the fish derives its common name among the fishermen. Therewith it can attach itself at will to any object which seems likely to achieve its purpose—which is to be carried about to fresh feeding-grounds. Ships and boats will serve it very well. But it prefers turtles and large fishes. When the latter are selected, the mouth, of all unlikely places, is commonly chosen as a convenient shelter. From thence it sallies forth to capture small, free-swimming crustacea, or fragments which fall from the jaws of its host!

Sharks and large rays are commonly victimised: though they appear to suffer no inconvenience from these "Weary Willies" of the sea! They are probably unaware of the fact that they are carrying such strange passengers. By such means "suckers" are borne enormous distances, as is shown by the fact that, though natives of warm and tropical seas, they are sometimes carried over into our seas: for the "sucker," or "remora," has occurred off our coasts a sufficient number of times to be reckoned in our lists of British fishes. The sword-fish and that ferocious fish, the barracuda, are also utilised. But, according to some accounts, the sword-fish at least is often seriously inconvenienced by his uninvited guests: since it is often seen making frantic leaps from the sea into mid-air, and these are said to be due entirely to efforts to rid itself of its pigmy tormentors.

There are many authenticated instances of the remora having been taken from the mouths of whales. In the Arabic "Chain of Chronicles," we are told that: "When the *Al-wal* (the Sperm-whale) begins to tyrannise the other animals of the sea, God sends a fish, about a cubit in length, which attaches itself to its ear, and the *Al-wal*, seeing no means of freeing itself from its tormentor, goes down to the bottom of the sea and strikes its head on the ground until it dies." If there is any truth in the statement that the sperm-whale is ever distressed by this fish, it must

be because it has entered the spiracle, or blow-hole; for the ear of no whale is large enough to admit even a straw.

On the East Coast of Africa, the remora is used by the maritime natives for the capture of turtles. It is attached to a line by a metal ring passed round the base of the tail. When a turtle is sighted, the fish is put overboard, when it attaches itself to the turtle, which can then be drawn up and captured. Occasionally, I imagine, it attaches itself to the boat instead. What happens in this case we are not told.

(Continued overleaf.)



AN ACADEMY PICTURE OF A FAMOUS RACEHORSE AND JOCKEY: "HUMOURIST AND DONOGHUE GOING OUT FOR THE DERBY IN 1921," BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.

Another Royal Academy picture by Mr. A. J. Munnings, the famous painter of sporting subjects, entitled "My Horse is My Friend," is given elsewhere in this number. Mr. J. B. Joel's Humourist (S. Donoghue up) won the Derby in 1921. Donoghue won it again last year on Lord Woolavington's Captain Cuttle.

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"sucker-fish." Later, he found one inside its mouth, attached to the gills. This has puzzled him, and he asks me to account for the presence of the "sucker" in the mouth of the shark. I gather that he imagines that the shark had been feeding on the "sucker."

The inference is a natural one; for the life-history of the "sucker" is remarkable. Briefly, it is a relation of the perch tribe, and is represented by several species, ranging from a few inches to a foot or more in length. On the top of the head and shoulders



AN ACADEMY PORTRAIT OF AN EMINENT IRISH JURIST: "THE LORD GLENNAVY," BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

Lord Glenavy (formerly Sir James H. M. Campbell, Bt.) was Lord Chancellor of Ireland from 1918 to 1921, when he was made a Baron, and is Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University. He has been Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and M.P. (U.) for Dublin University. The portrait was painted for the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn, of which he became a Bench in 1901.

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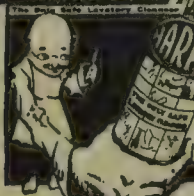
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ROYAL
HOTEL



Continued.]

What is the structure of this sucker? And how has it come into existence? One can answer the first question with no great difficulty. It has been fashioned out of a dorsal fin. About that there is no doubt. But how? What preliminary change in the structure of this fin—a structure formed of a series of bony rods, supporting a thin fold of skin, such as the familiar dorsal fin of a perch—could have laid the foundations for the evolution of so remarkable an organ? At what stage in its development towards a “sucker” did it become, or begin to become, useful for the purpose to which it is now put?

In the gobies, and in the “lump-sucker,” we find equally efficient suckers. But these are fashioned out of the ventral fins, answering to the hind-limbs of land animals. From a pair of fins, and on the under side of the body, it is not difficult to see how a sucker could be formed. Especially when living fish are being kept under observation. For different stages of perfection can be found in different species of goby.

The remora is sometimes branded as a parasite. But this is not justified. For it in no way injures or levies toll upon its host. In this regard it recalls another, and even more singular, fish. This is the *fierasfer*, which is found in nearly all warm and tropical seas. It has, indeed, even been taken as far north as the west coast of Ireland. There are several species. But the best known is *Fierasfer acus*, which lives in the bodies of holothurians, or “sea-slugs.” It is a long, lithe, almost eel-like creature, and very nearly transparent. It enters the holothurian, and then ensconces itself within the water-tubes. At times it retreats entirely within the body of its host; at others it emerges till only the end of the tail is left within the shelter of the body, and here it awaits passing crustacea, on which it feeds. More than one fish may enter the body of the same holothurian. But only such as live in deep water are thus inhabited. Here, again, there is no parasitism. The fish simply makes a convenience of its host. One species, found off the coast of Japan, lives also in the bodies of starfishes. Another, a tropical American species, lives within the shell of the pearl-oyster. Should one die within this chamber, it is promptly “buried” under a layer of “mother-of-pearl”!

This list of uninvited guests, which come to stay, may close with a brief mention of certain “Amphipod” crustacea, which live within the bodies of certain curious transparent molluscs, tunicates, and jelly-fish, far out in the open sea. The best known of these is *Phronima*, which lives within the barrel-shaped body, transparent as glass, of a tunicate, *Pyrosoma*. The

female, with her brood, is often taken in the Mediterranean, within one of these living glass-houses. Once captured, poor *Pyrosoma* has to go wheresoever she is driven. Mistress *Phronima* thrusts out her abdomen from the aperture of the hinder end of the barrel, and by alternate flexion and extension drives her car forwards; and water is thus made to enter at the front aperture, bringing with it a ceaseless current of food particles to supply her and her brood with nourishment!

W. P. PYCRAFT.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

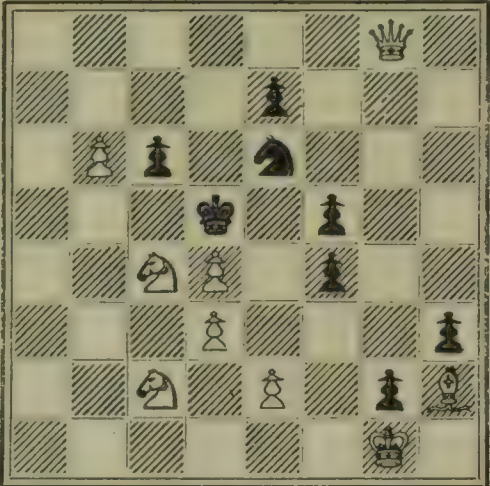
JAMES M. K. LUPTON (Richmond).—Thanks for problem, which shall receive attention.

T. H. EVANS (Cardiff).—Your problem admits of at least two solutions by 1. K takes P (ch) and 1. Q takes P (ch), while your own solution is impossible. In any case, the construction is too elementary for use.

H. L. (Southsea).—As the position stands, it is a forced win for White; what may happen if finished by the players you describe is another matter.

O. NEWBOLD (Salisbury).—In your last two-mover so many duals occur that we regret it is not suitable for publication in this column.

PROBLEM No. 3905.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3903.—By JAMES M. K. LUPTON.

WHITE

1. Q to K 8th
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK

Any move

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3897 received from C Okey (Auckland, N.Z.); of Nos. 3901 and 3902 from Casimer Dickson (Vancouver, B.C.); of No. 3903 from P W Hunt (Bridgwater), C H Watson (Masham), L W Cafferata (Newark), R P Nicholson (Crayke), E M Vicars (Norfolk), H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), Col. Godfrey (Cheltenham), E J Gibbs (East Ham), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), H Heshmat (Cairo), Hugh Nicholson (Otley), A Edmiston (Worsley), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter) and Albert Taylor (Sheffield).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3904 received from H W Satow (Bangor), James M K Lupton (Richmond), H F Glenton (Wandsworth Common), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), W C D Smith (Northampton), A Edmiston (Worsley), S Homer (Kensington), Joseph Willcock (Southampton), F J Fallwell (Caterham), C H Watson (Masham) and J C Stackhouse (Torquay).

CHESS IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

Game played in the Teplitz-Schonau Tourney between Messrs. R. SPIELMAN and M. GRUNFELD.

(King's Bishop Gambit.)

- | WHITE (Mr. S.) | BLACK (Mr. G.) | WHITE (Mr. S.) | BLACK (Mr. G.) |
|------------------|----------------|------------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 14. Kt to B 4th | B to Kt 5th |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P takes P | 15. Q to Kt 2nd | B to Kt 4th |
| 3. B to B 4th | Kt to Q B 3rd | 16. P to K R 3rd | B to Q 2nd |
| 4. Kt to K B 3rd | | | |

Possibly B takes Kt would have prolonged the game, but it is difficult to see how it could be saved.

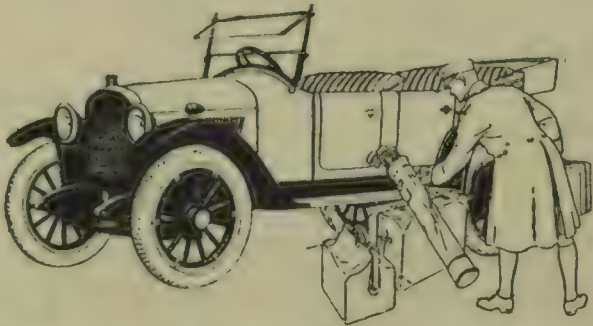
- | | |
|-----------------|------------|
| 17. Kt to R 5th | R to R 2nd |
| 18. P to K 5th | P takes P |
| 19. Q to K 4th | P to B 4th |
| 20. R takes P | B takes R |
| 21. Q takes B | |

Although this leaves White a clear Rook to the bad, Black's Q Rook is quite out of action, and the attack is irresistible.

- | | |
|----------------------|------------|
| 21. R to K 2nd | |
| 22. B takes B | P takes B |
| 23. R to K B sq | Q to Q 3rd |
| 24. B takes Kt | P takes P |
| 25. Q to B 8th (ch) | K to Q 2nd |
| 26. Q takes R | Q to B 4th |
| 27. Kt to B 6th (ch) | K to Q 3rd |
| 28. Q to K B 8th | Q to K 4th |
| 29. K to Kt 2nd | P to Q 6th |
| 30. R to B 2nd | Q to K 8th |
| 31. Q to R 6th | Resigns. |

A pretty and typical example of a gambit game.

In the Auckland (New Zealand) Motor Club's racing carnival, held on Muriwai Beach on March 3, a 30-98-h.p. Vauxhall, driven by Mr. Sanderson, won the New Zealand Cup, valued at 100 guineas. In this fifty-mile race over a course of 8½ miles, five turns had to be made round the pegs at the end of the course; nevertheless, the average speed of the successful Vauxhall was 76 m.p.h. Last year the same race was won by a twelve-cylindere American car at an average of 73 m.p.h., with three turns. Mr. Sanderson won also the half-mile sprint race, and in a test over the measured mile his time was 37.5 sec., an average speed of 96.25 m.p.h.



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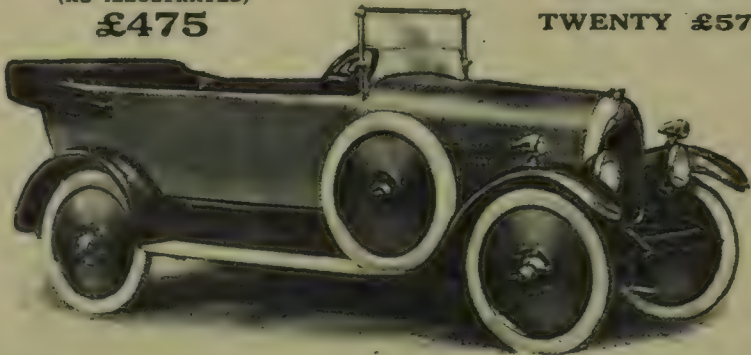
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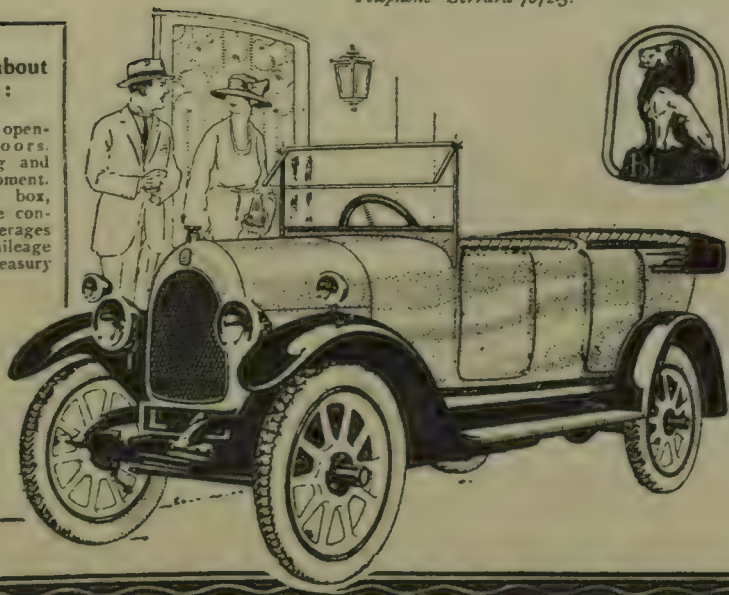
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Competition Controversy.

It looks as if there is likely to be a great deal of trouble in consequence of the sudden decision of the R.A.C. to assume control of all competitions, whether open or closed. That very much alive and influential body, the Motor Cycling Club, has hoisted the standard of revolt, and has said in plain terms that it will not be dictated to, and that it will run its own affairs without let or hindrance from anybody. This means that the forthcoming London-Edinburgh event will be a complete "wash-out" in so far as the car section of the run is concerned. The R.A.C., as will be seen from the terms of an official announcement printed in another paragraph, has taken the extreme step of placing its ban upon the event. What the M.C.C. and those who had entered for the run will do remains to be seen. Undoubtedly, the position which has arisen is highly unfortunate, and I sincerely trust that means will be found to bridge over the difficulty in order that an event which has become a classic may be held as in years past.

However, this is only a single example of what the action of the R.A.C. is leading up to. The M.C.C. is not alone in the feeling that the action of the parent Club is unwarrantable and uncalled for. For my own part, I cannot subscribe to this view. The one thing that is, I think, open to criticism is that the R.A.C. has allowed things to drift for so long, and that it was not until the competitions question had assumed great dimensions that it decided to act. It should not have allowed control to pass out of its hands, and then there would have been no trouble at all. After all, there must be a body of some sort to exercise ultimate government of sports and competition matters generally. The R.A.C., in

so far as automobile sport is concerned, is that body, and I cannot see how it is to be blamed for insisting upon recognition of its authority. The lesser clubs should, in my judgment, bow to authority, and do it as gracefully as possible. They will have to recognise the position and, as there is nothing anomalous in that position, they might just as well do it at once.

Trade Control of Sport.

No small factor in the controversy is the idea that it is the motor trade which is behind the decision of the R.A.C. Why, it is asked, should the

by the increasing number of competitions which it is being asked to support by way of entries, and has made representations to the R.A.C. with a view to closer control of such events. "Open" events are in a class by themselves. They have always required a permit from the R.A.C. to enable them to be held at all. "Closed" events are in a different category, and hitherto it has been optional to run them under rules formulated by the R.A.C., or under regulations entirely drafted by the organising body.

Abuses have crept in, with the inevitable result. A club, knowing it could not obtain a permit for an "open" competition, would announce a hill-climb or a reliability trial for members of the club only. In very many cases entry for the competition was deemed to carry membership, either for the day of the competition only, or for the season, as the case might be. Obviously, this is a patent evasion of the regulations supposed to govern "open" events. The number of such ostensibly "closed" competitions has grown enormously, and the cost of taking part has become a serious question for firms which habitually participate in sporting events as a matter of business policy. Moreover, and there is no use blinking the fact, there have been cases in which the conduct of things was not beyond suspicion. On the facts, therefore, I think the trade was perfectly within its rights in appealing to the R.A.C. to keep a tighter hand on the whole competitions business. Except that, as I have already said, criticism rightly arises at the belated nature of the action, I am in full accord with the stand taken by the R.A.C.

Super-Charging. Something like a mild sensation has recently been caused by reports of extraordinary results obtained by a well-known German firm of motor-car constructors through the use of a blower fan to assist in filling the cylinders

[Continued overleaf.]



POPULAR IN THE BRAZILIAN CAPITAL: A SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER LANDULET AT ATLANTIC BAY, COPABANA, A SUBURB OF RIO.

The new Napier has been much seen of late in Rio, which many motorists have visited for the Centenary Exhibition, and the car's distinctive appearance, combined with silent and smooth running, have made it popular there. All the chief promenades are tessellated in black and cream, to take off the glare of the sun, as shown on the left in the photograph.

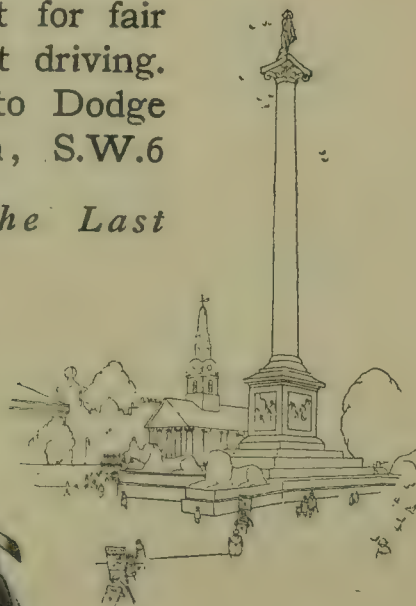
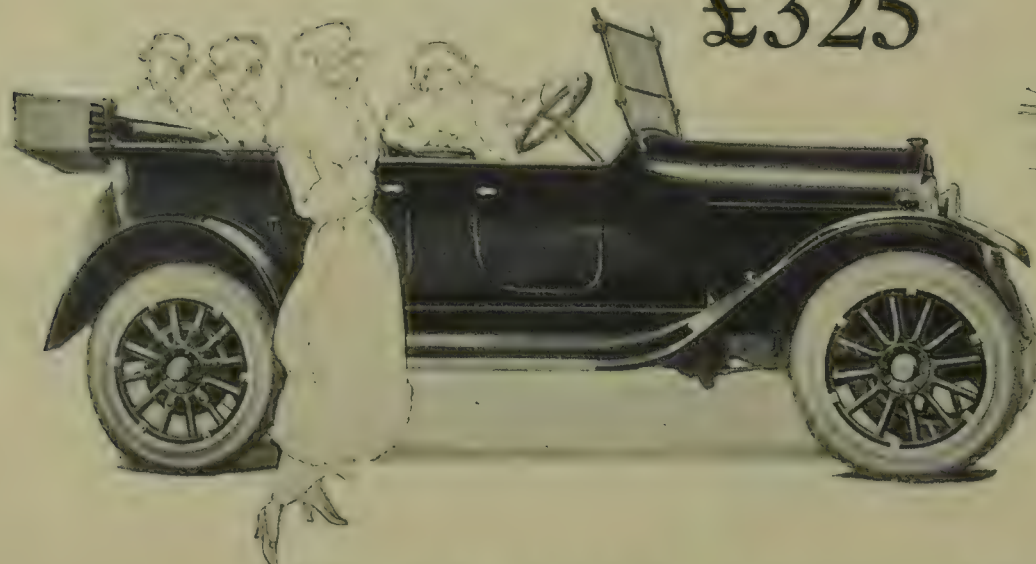
trade claim to "control" the sport of automobilism? Taking the question simply as it stands, I should answer by saying that the trade has no right whatever to control or attempt to control sport. But to put the question thus is not correct. Nothing that has emerged leads to the conclusion that there is any attempt to control anything. Control is still in the hands of the R.A.C. What does seem to have happened is that the trade as a whole has become alarmed

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Continued]

with explosive mixture. Experts who have driven the car in question are unanimous in saying that a marked increase of acceleration and a much higher ultimate car speed result from the use of this auxiliary



THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR PALESTINE IN HIS SIX-CYLINDER SUNBEAM: SIR HERBERT SAMUEL AT JERICO.

The photograph was taken outside Sir Herbert Samuel's winter residence at Jericho.

super-charger. For years experiments have been made in this direction, not only in Germany, but elsewhere, and there seems to be no doubt that we are at least within sight of yet another advance in the efficiency of the internal-combustion motor. Just how much improvement can be effected by super-charging is not certain at the moment, but the speed trials, to be held at Fanoe Island, in Denmark, towards the end of June, ought to be illuminating, since it is understood that a team of Mercedes cars, fitted with the blower attachment, is to take part. I rather fancy we shall see the device in operation at Brooklands before the end of the season. Undoubtedly, it must be a good thing for racing; but whether it is likely to prove as useful an accessory of the touring car is another matter.

Records Broken by the Crossley.

A new record has just been established by a 19.6-h.p. Crossley, fitted with Rapson cord tyres, which has completed 20,000 miles. This is the first car to complete a road trial of this distance under the official observation of the R.A.C. Starting in January, the 19.6-h.p. Crossley has covered approximately 300 miles every day (Sundays excepted) until it reached 20,000 miles, the longest distance covered by any car in any officially observed trial in the history of the R.A.C. The most significant feature of the trial has been the amazingly consistent trouble-free running of the car and tyres throughout the whole 20,000 miles. The records of the consumption of fuel and oil will, I am told, prove extraordinary economy. After the 20,000 miles had been covered, a speed of just under 60 miles per hour (to be precise, 59.12 m.p.h.) was obtained on Brooklands track, under the official timing.

A New Machine for the British Air Ministry.

A new machine, which will be on trial shortly, has been built at Bristol for the British Air Ministry. This latest creation is the Napier Parnall "Possum," and it is the first machine ready for flight with a central engine unit. Only one Napier engine is fitted to this particular machine, but, in a final and ambitious form, this system would embrace a large central engine-room, containing the whole of the power plant, with engineers in charge who could perform repairs in the air should it be necessary, whilst the machine would be flying on its remaining units. The Napier Parnall has three tiers of wings, and, in place of the usual tail skid, it has a steerable tail-wheel, which gives this huge machine the manoeuvrability of a small light car.

The R.A.C. and Competitions.

Permits have been issued for the following meetings: (Under the Open Competition Rules): June 16, Saltburn Speed Trials, Yorkshire Automobile Club. (Under the Closed Competition Rules): May 12, Race Meeting at Brooklands, Ealing and District M.C.C.; May 13, One Day Reliability Trial, Brighton and Hove M.C. and Light Car Club; May 26, One Day Reliability Trial, Sutton Coldfield and North Birmingham A.C.; May 26, General Efficiency Trial, Kent Automobile Club.

The Club has issued the following official communiqué: The organisers of the London-Edinburgh run proposed for May 18 and 19, 1923, having failed to apply for a permit for this Competition as required by the R.A.C., warning is hereby given to officials, entrants and drivers that this is therefore an "unrecognised" meeting, and that by taking part therein they render themselves (and their vehicles) liable to the penalties under the Rules, including possible suspension from all open and closed competitions.



WITH AN ENGLISH-BUILT TOURING BODY: A 15.9-H.P. HOTCHKISS.

The sole concessionaires for Hotchkiss cars are the London and Parisian Motor Company, of Davies Street, W.

Any such penalties as may be inflicted under these Rules are notified to and upheld by the International Association of (Foreign and Colonial) Automobile Clubs. W. W.



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Mileage Records.

Important Note :— This car is
guaranteed by the manufacturers
to be absolutely standard in
every way.

THE official figures, relating to the
consumption of fuel and oil, and
tyre wear, will shortly be published.
These figures, which show extraordinary
economy throughout, will create a great
sensation.

The 19.6 h.p. Crossley was fitted
with Rapson tyres and used Wakefield
Carbonless Castol C.W. Motor Oil.

Full details of all Crossley models from

**CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD.
GORTON, MANCHESTER.**

LONDON SHOWROOMS & EXPORT
DEPT. : 40-41, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.

Manchester Showrooms : Royal Exchange.

The record-breaking 19.6 h.p. Crossley photographed on Brooklands, where it put up a speed of over 59 m.p.h. after concluding 20,000 miles under the official observation of the R.A.C.

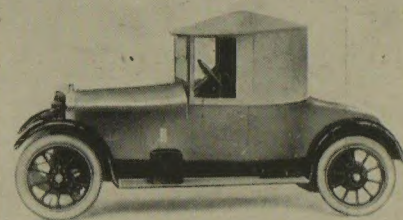
THE wonderful performance of the 19.6 h.p. Crossley, which has completed the longest road test ever made under the official observation of the R.A.C., has naturally caused a great sensation. This is easy to understand when it is remembered that the car covered 20,000 miles without involuntary stop or change of tyres, afterwards attaining a speed of over 59 miles per hour on Brooklands. The car broke all R.A.C. Certified Trial Mileage Records.

Consider the mileage, accomplished over all kinds of roads, and in all kinds of weather—20,000 miles (equal to the distance the average motorist covers in four years). It is absolute and conclusive proof of COMPLETE RELIABILITY.

In so far as this advertisement refers to R.A.C.
Certified Trials, it has been approved by the R.A.C.

The WOLSELEY STANDARD TEN

"A Post-war Car
at less than
Pre-war Price."



The announcement of this new model has already led to a phenomenal demand. Motorists appreciate that **never before** has a car of such high quality been offered at so low a price.

In all main essentials, it is identical with the Wolseley Ten de luxe, world-famous for its high road efficiency and low running cost. The same wonderful system of springing is adopted. It is just as fast, has the same hill-climbing powers, and is equally economical in use. The less essential details of equipment have been simplified in order to produce the car at a really popular price, but it is in every respect complete and ready for the road.

The equipment includes :

Folding Hood, All-weather Side Curtains,
Dickey Seat, Adjustable Windscreen, Spare
Wheel with Tyre on carrier, Electric Light-
ing Outfit (3 lamps), Bulb Horn, Tool
Kit, &c. Dunlop Tyres fitted as standard.

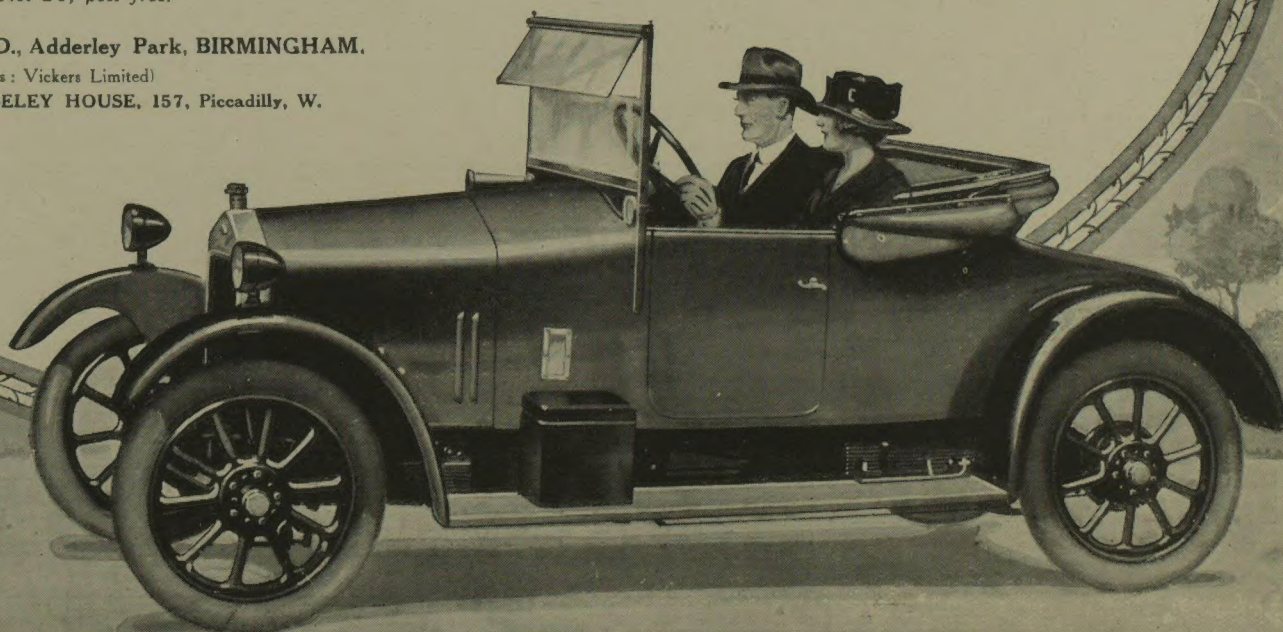
Price £295

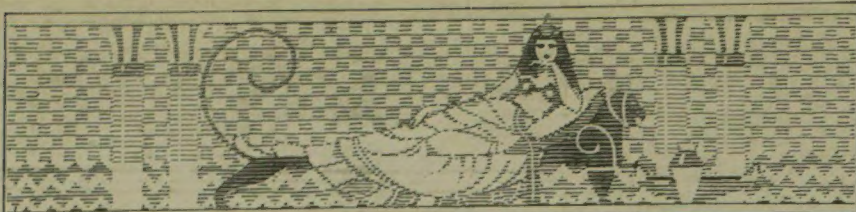
Catalogue No. 20, post free.

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., Adderley Park, BIRMINGHAM.

(Proprietors : Vickers Limited)

London Showrooms : WOLSELEY HOUSE, 157, Piccadilly, W.

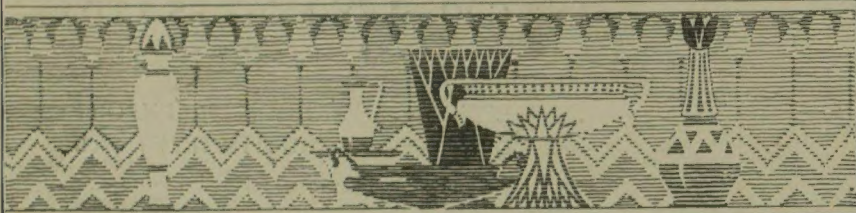




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GAS
WATER-HEATER
for
Every
HOUSEHOLD NEED

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THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION
30 GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.



MODEL TEA GOWNS

IN addition to the pretty and inexpensive Tea Gowns that are such a feature of this Section, we have always in stock a charming variety of handsome and exclusive Tea Gowns copied and adapted from original Paris Models in the richest and most fashionable materials at moderate prices.



"HEBE."

Original Tea Gown in rich quality metal brocade with the long line bodice showing a becoming cape which can be clipped at wrist to form sleeves full skirt and square train, finished with ceinture of self flowers, which also appear in the sleeve drapery. In several good evening shades, also Black and Silver.

Special Price, 10½ Gns.

THE RAVAGES OF MOTH.

Store your Furs in our Freezing Chambers. Particulars of our new combined Fur Storage and Insurance against all and every risk sent post free on application.

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
— DERENHAMS, LIMITED —
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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HAIR—
no more
untidiness

All users of Anzora know how easily and efficiently it keeps their hair in place throughout the day. No matter how unruly and troublesome hair may be, Anzora will surely control it. Cream for greasy scalps and Viola for dry scalps. Sold everywhere in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles. Refuse all substitutes. Insist upon

ANZORA

Masters the Hair.

Anzora Vanishing Cream

Ladies will find it very refreshing and beneficial to the skin. Pure, free from grease and delicately perfumed. Obtainable in handy jars at 1/3

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd.,
Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6

Meltis
(Regd.)

Dessert
CHOCOLATE
"melts in the mouth."

PRICES REDUCED — Estimates Free.

CARPETS BEATEN.
PATENT STEAM

CARPET BEATING
COMPANY LTD.

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CARPETS SHAMPOOED, CARPETS DYED.
COLLECTION AND DELIVERY FREE.

FOSTER CLARK'S

Best for Rhubarb!

It's the Creamiest Custard, and it's for this reason discerning housewives always use it with Rhubarb. This delightful creaminess takes away the tart taste of the Rhubarb without destroying its luscious flavour.

Sold in Family Tins 11½d., Packets 9½d., Small Packets 4d., 1½d. & 1d.



CREAM CUSTARD



**For Thin Falling Hair
Use Cuticura**

If your scalp is irritated and your hair dry and falling out in handfuls, try this treatment: Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment and follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. Nothing better than Cuticura for all skin and scalp troubles.

Soap 1s., Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.
Sold throughout the Empire, British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Always ask for
"SPHERE"
BRACES, GARTERS, SUSPENDERS

Each pair bears manufacturer's guarantee
Obtainable from all Drapers & Outfitters.

THE **BERKEFELD**

FILTER
SARDINIA HOUSE,
KINGSWAY,
LONDON,
W.C.2.



Skin ailments of Childhood

If you use Germolene you will quickly free your child from all skin ailments such as ring-worm, impetigo, rashes, eczema and eruptions. It never fails to cure.

FREE SAMPLE TIN
will be sent post-free paid on receipt of a post-card addressed to The Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester. (Mention this paper.)

Mrs. Taylor, of 29, Diamond Road, Slough, says: "Germolene has completely cured my little girl, aged 5, and my boy, aged 10, of ringworm. Reading about the cures effected by Germolene I was induced to give it a trial, and I am very thankful I did. When the nurse called she was astonished to find the children cured. I think Germolene is wonderful."

No mother should forget the healing properties of Germolene, the wonderful aseptic dressing which really cures. In cases of ringworm, impetigo, eczema, rashes, and all kinds of eruptions it can be relied upon to bring the skin once again to perfect health. It clears away skin blemishes, such as pimples, rough red patches and scurf, like magic; it cures acne and cools heated and inflamed surfaces. It stops itching and irritation, it soothes at a touch.

In the home, too, it should be kept ready for first aid emergency. Its comforting and healing properties are wonderful when it is used for cuts and scratches, scalds, burns, and wounds. It cleanses all impurity and infection from the skin, rapidly stops festering, and promotes quick and safe healing.

Soothes at a Touch!

Prices: 1/3 and 3/- of all Chemists & Stores.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Peace—Pace—Power and Plenty of it.

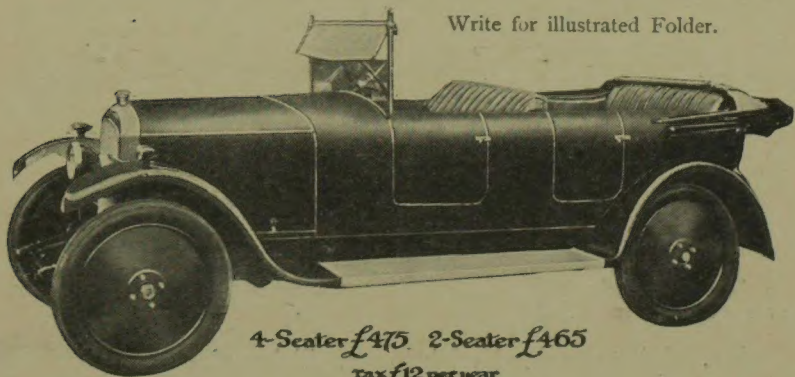
There is a Car in the "large" class whose name has become a household word for perfection. The Loyd-Lord bids fair to rival that position among its smaller brethren.

A recent purchaser said:—

"You seem to have produced a sort of junior Rolls. Yours is the only 4-cylinder car I have ever handled which gives one the impression of driving a 'six.'"

Awarded Gold Medals, London-Exeter Reliability Trial, Christmas, 1922, and London—Land's End Reliability Trial, March 30th/31st, 1923.

Write for illustrated Folder.



4-Seater £475. 2-Seater £465

Tax £12 per year

12-20 H.P. Model.

A Pleasure to drive and a Pride to possess.

LOYD-LORD LTD

GROSVENOR WORKS, CHISWICK, W.4
West End Office, 166, PICCADILLY, W.1

M.A.A.

Two Minute TALKS ON BUYING A CAR



No. 3

Business Ideals

WITHOUT an ideal before us our daily business would be a dead and dull affair, and as for progress, it would be permanently lacking. We have an ideal and our eager efforts towards it explain the rapid expansion of our business and the friendly basis upon which all transactions are based. Our ideal is "Personal Service," and it has proved of wonderful value to our clients. Our Personal Service is established to guide our client in the selection of his car. To advise him as to the exact model suitable to his requirements. To sell him the car, eventually, on terms that suit his convenience.

If you want a powerful car representing sound value, you could not do better than

GET A BUICK

Here are our Deferred Payment Terms:—

14.2 h.p. 4-cylinder 5-seater Buick	£355 0 0
Insurance premium for 1 year	17 5 0
	£372 5 0
6 per cent. credit charge for 18 months	22 6 8
Payable:—	£394 11 8
20 per cent. as deposit - 1st payment	78 18 2
18 monthly payments of £17 10 9	315 13 6
	£394 11 8

Credit charge for 12 months 4 per cent. For 2 years 8 per cent.

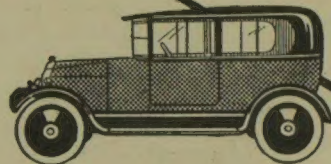
All Deferred Payment Credits are financed by ourselves.

Godfrey Davis Ltd

141, New Bond Street, London, W. 1

'Phone: Mayfair 4828/9.

'Grams: "Shomoto, Wendo, London."



MODERN CARS FOR HIRE—hirer driving.

H.P.

HURRY UP!

NEARING ITS END!

THE GREAT £1000 COMPETITION IN

The Sketch

(Weekly)

See what is given to "SKETCH" Readers WITHOUT ANY EXPENSE to themselves.

FIRST £1000 PRIZE

Also Prizes of £100, £50, and five of £10 each.

Many other interesting prizes will also be given (for details of which see the *Sketch* during the competition) for a few minutes' thought in connection with the recent Cover-Design Competition.

All you have to do is to write twelve numbers under twelve pictures, and sign a form attached.

THERE IS NO CATCH IN THIS COMPETITION.

N.B.—Do not think that this prize is likely to be won by more than one person—at most, not more than two or three are likely to be successful—as there are many possible combinations of twelve numbers.

NO ENTRANCE FEE. SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

For full details of this amazing gift see the *Sketch* each Wednesday.

N.B.—The *SKETCH* is published every Wednesday, price One Shilling. Order early from your Newsagent or the Publishing Office, 172, Strand; or you may lose your chance of competing in this wonderful competition.



Make it a "Kodak" Whitsun

Whitsun is coming! A time for the open air; a time for sport, walking, motoring, cycling, picnicing, tennis, golf, cricket—the very time to start your album of happy memories. Get your "Kodak" now, and make pictures of all your jolly outdoor times. You can learn to use a "Kodak" in half-an-hour.

Whitsun holidays! You'll need your "Kodak"

Ask your nearest Kodak dealer to show you his stock of Kodaks and Brownies. Here are two of the latest models:

No. 1 Autographic Kodak Junior. Takes pictures $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Fitted with Kodak Anastigmat Lens $f/7.7$ and Kodak Ball-bearing Shutter. Price **£4 : 10 : 0**

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